THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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NATIONAL HUMOR.

Some of the Merry Jests and Laughable Oddities Written and Said by Irishmen.

Celtic Wit is Free From the Bitter Sting Found in That of Other People—D. J. O'Donoghue's New Collection.

The two words *wit* and *humor* have been so long misapplied and so much misunderstood that few people can properly place them without confounding their true meanings. Wit was originally a general name for all the intellectual powers and meant the faculty which perceives, knows, understands; it was gradually narrowed in its signification to express merely the resemblance between ideas; and lastly, to note that resemblance when it occasioned ludicrous surprise. It marries ideas lying wide apart, by a sudden jerk of the understanding. The original meaning of humor was moisture, a signification it metaphorically retains, for it is the very juice of the mind, oozing from the brain, and enriching and fertilizing wherever it falls. Wit exists by antipathy; humor by sympathy. Wit laughs *at* things; humor laughs with them. Wit, bright, rapid and blasting as forked lightning, flashes, strikes, sometimes with deadly effect, and vanishes in an instant. Humor, all aglow with genial mirth, steals into the heart, softens with good nature the ragged inequalities of existence, bathes its subjects in warming sunshine that promotes more tolerant views of life and firmly bridges over the gulf that lies between the lofty and the lowly, the humble and the great. Old Dr. Fuller's remark, that a negro is "the image of God cut in ebony," is humorous; Horace Smith's inversion of it, that the taskmaster is "the image of the devil cut in ivory," is witty. Wit can co-exist with fierce malignant passions; but humor demands good feeling and fellow feeling—feeling not merely for what is above us but what is around and beneath us. When wit and humor are commingled, the result is a genial sharpness, dealing with its object somewhat as old Izaak Walton dealt with the frog he used for bait—running the hook neatly through his mouth and out at his gills and in so doing, "using him as though he loved him."

Wit has been a most potent factor in shaping the destinies of governments at times—I mean that vitriolic and biting species of wit known as Satire. In this form we find Wit blazing in the van of revolutionary movements, attacking and turning into ridicule corrupted and rotten governments, unmasking and bringing into contempt the hypocrite and the traitor. The tyrant who faced death on a hundred fields cowers before and dreads the stinging dart of the satirist. No man respects or fears an object which has been brought into ridicule and contempt, and oppression passes from a throne of terror to grovel in despisedness, laughed at while detested. No army can protect it then; and walls which have remained impenetrable to cannon, have fallen before a shout of derisive laughter or a hiss of contempt.

Satirical compositions floating about among a people, have more than once produced a revolution. They are sown as dragon's teeth, they spring up as armed men. The author of "Lillibullero" boasted that he rhymed King James II out of his dominion. England under Charles II was governed pretty equally by roues and wit-snappers. A joke hazarded by royal lips on a regal object has sometimes plunged kingdoms into war; for dull monarchs generally make their repartee through the cannon's mouth. The biting jests of Frederick the Great on Empress Elizabeth and Madame de Pompadour were instrumental in bringing down upon his dominions the armies of Russia and France.

Swift's ironical sayings were of this latter class of wit. Unsurpassable in style, it was cruel to excess and had but little in it that was truly Irish. A contemporary and countryman, Dean Smedley, said that he was "always in jest, but most so in prayer;" this, however, is an exaggeration, as Swift was generally in grim earnest. The impassive and matter-of-fact way in which Swift, using the deadliest of weapons, ridicule, reformed the abuses of his time, deceived a good many. He never moved a muscle and his wit shone by contrast with his moody exterior as a lightning flash illumines a gloomy sky.

The Irish people have a world-wide celebrity for wit and humor, and justly so. With them it is of no mushroom growth, as may be seen by their folk-lore, their proverbs and traditions. Their humor is more imaginative than that of other races, and their wit is less ill-natured as a rule, though the Irish have a most peculiar aptness in the saying of things that wound; and the most illiterate peasant can put more scorn into a retort than the most highly educated of another race. A good specimen of this latter species of wit is in Richard Ashe King's anecdote of the coachman and the beggar. As the latter was whining importunately at the carriage door, the coachman turned around to cry, "Come, my good man, take your rags out of that!" Whereupon the beggar, with a withering glance at the coachman's livery, retorted: "Me rags! They're *me own*, me man!"

Irish literary wit is more good-natured than that of the peasantry. There are exceptions to that, however. Sheridan, at times, could not resist a cutting remark. Curran gave way to this impulse on many occasions and no one can deny that the rasping personalities of "Father Prout" were bitter and harsh. The political satirists of this and the last century may be forgiven their gall-dipped arrows. The writings of Stannard Barrett, Watty Cox, Dr. Brenan, William Norcott and T. D. Sullivan used the lance of satire to defend a cause. Prout had no such excuse. His cruel thrusts were made from pure love of malice.

A remarkable collection of extracts from the writings of the Irish humorists has just been published by D. J. O'Donoghue, the talented Irish litterateur whose "Dictionary of the Irish Poets" created such a stir in literary London recently. The title of the volume is "The Humor of Ireland" (Walter Scott, London; Charles Scribner's Sons, importers, New York), and is an admirable collection of humorous tales, poems, proverbs and extracts from the comedies of Sheridan, Boucicault, O'Keefe, Goldsmith and others. One of the tales is a translation by Kuno Meyer, from a manuscript of the twelfth century. Dr. Douglas Hyde and Francis A. Fahey also contribute some translations. The former renders the following story into English, which although a very ancient joke, is better than most new ones and not so well known:

There was an old crow teaching a young crow one day, and he said to him: "Now, my son, listen to the advice I'm going to give you. If you see a person coming near you and stooping, mind yourself, and be on your keeping; he's stooping for a stone to throw at you."

"But tell me," says the young crow, "what would I do if he had a stone already down in his pocket?"

"Musha, go 'long out of that," says the old crow; "you've learned enough; the divil another learning I'm able to give you."

There is a clever little epigram, by the same translators, on a surly porter:

What a pity Hell's gates are not kept by O'Flinn:
The surly old dog would let nobody in.

Several of Henry Luttrell's witticisms form one little section of the volume. His epigram on Samuel Rogers' poem, "Italy," the success of which was won by the magnificent illustrations of Turner, is a good one:

Of Rogers' "Italy" Luttrell relates
That 'twould have been *dished*, were it not for the *plates*.

Many of Luttrell's sayings were very bright, and it is a pity that so few of them have been preserved. At one of the crowded receptions at the Holland House, Lady Holland was requested by the guests to "make room." "It must certainly be *made*, for it does not *exist*," said Luttrell.

Edmund Downey, author of "Through Green Glasses," "Anchorwatch Yarns," and other stories, is well represented in "From Portland to Piccadilly." The Waterford peasant has been immortalized in Mr. Downey's short stories, and the selection in the book is a very fair specimen of his unctuous humor. One of his chief delights has been to ridicule English history in his own inimitable way. His stories of the King with the rope-tied crown, the man who was compelled to undergo the "Ordeal by Griddle," the early British sovereign who considered it bad taste in a man not to don a fresh coat of whitewash every year, and others of his fantastic perversions of history have a counterpart in a story by William Percy French, which is the only one of its kind that Mr. Donoghue has selected. It is entitled "The First Lord-Liftinant, as related by Andrew Geraghty, Philomath."

"Essex," said Queen Elizabeth, as the two of thim sat at breakwhist in the back parlor of Buckingham palace. "Essex, me hero, I've got a job that I think would suit you. Do you know where Ireland is?"

"I'm no great fist at jografy," says his lordship, "but I know the place you mane. Population, three millions; exports, emigrants.

"Well," says the Queen, "I've been reading the Dublin *Evening Mail* and *Telegraft* for some time back, and sorra one o' me can get at the trooth o' how things is going, for the leadin' articles is as conthradictory as if they wor husband and wife."

"That's the way wid papers all the world over," says Essex. "Columbus told me it was the same in Amerikay, when he was there, abusin' and conthradictin' each other at every turn—it's the way they make their livin'. Throuble you for an egg-spoon."

"It's addled they have me betune them," says the Queen. "Not a word I know what's goin' on. So now, what I want you to do is to run over to Ireland, like a good fella, and bring me word how matters stand."

"Is it me?" says Essex, leppin' up off his chair. "It's not in airnest ye are, ould lady. Sure it's the hoight of the London saison. Every one's in town, and Shake's new fairy piece, 'The Midsummer's Night Mare,' billed for next week."

"You'll go when you're tould," says the Queen, fixin' him with her eye, "if you know which side your bread's buttered on. See here, now," says she, seein' him chokin' wid vexation and a slice o' corned beef, "you ought to be as pleased as Punch about it, for you'll be at the top o' the walk over there as vice-regent representin' me."

"I ought to have a title or two," says Essex, pluckin' up a bit. "His Gloriosity the Great Panjandhrum, or the like o' that."

"How would His Excellency the Lord Liftinant of Ireland sthrike you?" says Elizabeth.

"First class," cries Essex; "couldn't be better. It doesn't mane much, but it's allitherative, and will look well below the number on me hall door."

Essex's career, with some of his correspondence, during his sojourn in Ireland, is related in the same merry style. He finally makes a treaty with Hugh O'Neill, being unable to subdue that belligerent chief, and brings the document to Elizabeth for ratification.

Well, whin the Queen read the terms of Hugh O'Neill, she just gev him one look, and jumpin' from off the bed, put her head out of the window, and called to the policeman on duty:

"Is the Head below?"

"I'll tell him ye want him, ma'am," says the policeman.

"Do," says the Queen. "Hello!" says she, as a slip o' paper dropped out o' the dispatches. "What's this? 'Letter to Mary.' Ho! ho! me gay fella, that's what you've been up to, is it?"

"Mrs. Brady's
A widow lady,
And she has a charmin' daughter I adore;
I went to court her
Across the water,
And her mother keeps a little candy-store;
She's such a darlin',
She's like a starlin',
And in love with her I'm gettin' more and more.
Her name is Mary,
She's from Dunlary;
And her mother keeps a little candy-store."

"That settles it," says the Queen. "It's the gaoler you'll serenade next."

When Essex heard that he thrimbled so much that the bottom of his cuirass shook off and rolled under the dhresser table.

"Arrest that man," says the Queen, when the Head Constable came to the door; "arrest that thrater," says she, "and never let me set eyes on him again."

And indeed she never did, and soon after that he met with his death from the skelp of an axe he got when he was standin' on Tower Hill."

Any collection of modern Irish humor would be wofully incomplete were the compiler to omit the works of Alfred Percival Graves. Mr. O'Donoghue recognizes this fact, for he gives two selections from the pen of that famous lyrist. One of the poems, "Father O'Flynn," is too well known to need any introduction here; the other, "Fan Fitzgerl," is the better of the two versions of the same song by Mr. Graves. The following version probably did not fit the music intended for it and he altered the metre and changed many of the lines. In "The Humor of Ireland" we have it at its best:

Wirra, wirra! ologone!
Can't ye lave a lad alone,
Till he's proved there's no tradition left
of any other girl—
Not even Trojan Helen,
In beauty all excellin'—
Who's been up to half the divilment of
Fan Fitzger'l?

Wid her brows of silky black
Arched above for the attack,
Her eyes they dart such azure death on
poor admiring man;
Misther Cupid, point your arrows,
From this out, agin the sparrows,
For your bested at Love's archery's
young Miss Fan.

See what showers of goldeu thread
Lift and fall upon her head,
The likes of such a trammel not at say
was never spread;
For, whin accurately reckoned,
'Twas computed that each second
Of her curls has cot a Kerryman, and
kilt him dead.

Now mintion if you will
Brandon Mount and Hungry Hill,
Or Mag'llicuddy's Reeks, renowned for
cripplin' all they can;
Still the country-side confisses
None of its precipices
Cause a quarther of the carnage of the
nose of Fan.

But your shatthered hearts suppose,
Safely steered apast her nose.
She's a current and a reef beyand to
wreck them roving ships,
My meaning it is simple,
For that current is her dimple,
And the cruel reef 'twill coax ye to's her
coral lips.

I might inform ye further
Of her bosom's snowy murther,
And an ankle ambuscadin' through her
gown's delightful whirl;
But what need, when all the village
Has forsook its peaceful tillage
And flown to war and pillage all for Fan
Fitzgerl's!

The humor of Samuel Lover is represented by a couple of his best poems, an extract from Handy Andy and the legend of "The Little Weaver of Duleek Gate," the last of which is finely illustrated. A counterpart of his celebrated story of "Barney O'Reirdon" is given in this volume; it is Ettingsall's "Darby Doyle's Voyage to Quebec;" a much older story than that of Lover, and quite as ludicrous. Dr. William Maginn is well represented in his bacchanalian songs and in his story of Daniel O'Rourke." Dr. Kenealy's Table Talk sounds a little like some of the French proverbs:

If the age of women were known by their teeth, they would not be so fond of showing them.

The smiles of a pretty woman are glimpses of paradise.

Military men never blush; it is not in the articles of war.

Few men have the moral courage *not* to fight a duel.

Tailors call Adam and Eve the first founders of their noble art; they have them depicted on their banners and escutcheons. But they would be nearer the truth if they called the devil the first master-tail; as only for him a coat and breeches would be unnecessary and useless. This would be giving the devil his due.

Man is a two-fold creature; one-half he exhibits to the word, and the other to himself.

According to the editor of the "Humor of Ireland," we find that Edward Lysaght did not write "The Sprig of Shillelah," "Donnybrook Fair," "The Rakes of Mallow," or "Kitty of Coleraine," all of which have been set down as his. The first two, says Mr. O'Donoghue, were written by H. B. Code and Charles O'Flaherty respectively.

"The "Humor of Ireland" is a most entertaining book. No expense has been spared in its make-up. Numerous illustrations, all well drawn, add considerable interest to the literary contents, and short biographical sketches of all the Irish humorists make it a treasure to lovers of mirth and bright sayings.

M. J. MURPHY.

EDMUND BURKE.

A Correspondent Refutes an Accusation That the Great Irishman Had No Sympathy With the Cause of Irish Independence.

He Believes Burke Had a Warm, Tender Nature, and Was Beyond Everything Else a Pure, Unsullied Celt.

[*To the Editor.*]

"Edmund Burke was an Irishman, but he seemed to have no sympathy with the men who at various times during his career attempted to obtain independence for their native land. He was content to be an English statesman, but at any rate he wrote an Irish name at the top of the list of the world's greatest orators and thinkers."—*Chicago Evening Post, Oct. 30.*

How little of historical truth is contained in these quotations, and what a reflection is intended to be cast upon a name and character that Irishmen have never ceased to admire. Burke was born at a time when Ireland's national life seemed forever extinguished. Never in her previous history, not even in the wildest day of brutal Henry or his awful daughter Elizabeth, had Ireland's condition appeared so hopeless, so forlorn, so full of unutterable anguish as that which marked her history, if indeed we can dignify it with the name of history, from the opening until almost the close of the last century. The world has never seen, and, thank God, never again can see, anything so terrible as the years which for Ireland had so much agony, and began with the surrendor of Limerick in 1691, and lasted until a national artillery stood drawn up in the streets of Dublin, and with fuse attached to their guns, demanded of a corrupt and venal senate just laws. Ah, how the heart sickens when we find the poor Catholic Irishman who was willing then, as well as now, if the same chance offered, to shed his blood for his native land, told to stand aside, that he should have no part in the regeneration of the country that he loved so well. During all those gloomy years, Ireland might well exclaim with the heart-breaking Job: "Oh all ye who pass the way attend and see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow. Great as the sea is my broken-heartedness; who shall heal me?" One gleam of light, one ray of hope broke in upon her during this dark night of her darkest bondage.

Seventeen years after Burke was born—1745—almost at the period when the disagreement between himself and his father began, which afterwards led to his leaving Ireland for the wide world of London, glorious Fontenoy was fought and won, and the false-hearted George cursed the penal laws which Burke has so vividly pictured for us. Was it as an "English statesman" that he described their awful effect upon the Irish people? Oh, no; all that he said about them came from his warm Irish heart, just as Goldsmith in describing "Sweet Auburn," has Lissoy before his mind. What efforts outside of Grattan's attempt at parliamentary reform were made during Burke's lifetime to free his native land? Ireland lay prostrate at the feet of a merciless tyrant. Everything that man holds dear and tender, was either degraded or forbidden by law, or by what was called such. Marriage, the education of children, the practice of the Catholic religion, to plead as a barrister, to be a tutor, all the professions, except the medical one, were forbidden to the Irish people; and to make sure of their enforcement, a reward of £5 was offered for the head of a wolf, a schoolmaster or a priest. The mind revolts from a perusal of those infamous laws. Only in that day when children of men assemble to hear the Eternal Judge pronounce the last judgment, as we reverently believe they will, can we hope to understand what the awful iniquity of the penal laws meant.

Edmund Burke lived when their full fury was let loose upon Ireland. Well might he move men and women to tears at his recital of the barbarity of Warren Hastings in the Carnatic. Ireland bled and suffered as the Carnatic never suffered. The rule of Warren Hastings lasted but a short while; has Ireland recovered from the long rule of the penal laws down to this very hour? Why are we still "without honorable employment in our own land," and, except for a favored few, "the hewers of wood and drawers of water" among the nations of the earth? Why are we so poor at home, in a land where it was hardly an exaggeration to say "it was soft as a mother's smile and fruitful as God's love?" Why are we so terribly handicapped in a strange land in the struggle for life? Why has our national character changed so much? Why are we so often unreasonable, passionate and foolishly suspicious? Blame the penal code for it all. Surely Burke understood their effect upon Ireland and epitomized them when he said of the code: "It had a vicious perfection, it was a complete system, full of coherence and consistency, well digested and well disposed in all its parts. It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

Who were "the men who at various times during his career attempted to obtain independence for their native land?" Grattan tried his hand at reform, and apart from this there was hardly any other attempt to achieve Ireland's liberty until Wolfe Tone appeared; and Burke was in his grave when this pure-souled patriot gave his genius, his labors, and, at last, his life, for Ireland. With the bands of armed men who, from the beginning of the last century until the opening ones of the present, and were known by the various name of Rapparees, Whiteboys, etc., roamed about the country with no fixed purpose save revenge alone, he certainly could have no active sympathy. But did he turn a deaf ear to the distress of his countrymen when he was in a position to help them? Did the man who pleaded for the American colonies have no word to say for his own poor land? How could he associate himself with the pirate crew, who in his day ruled Ireland? It is almost a certainty that had Burke live in Ireland during Grattan's time his generous nature would have driven him to cast his lot eventually with that brilliant band of patriots—the Emmets, the Nielsons, the Bonds, the Shearses, the Tones—who like so many bright stars in a tempest-covered firmament, bid us to still have cheer, for that all is not darkness.

In Mitchell's History of Ireland we find proof of Burke's feelings towards the Volunteer movement. The plan of Grattan to join issue with the people of England by his declaration of right in parliament having failed, he resolved to appeal to Ireland alone. Burke was fearful that the convention which Grattan had called to meet at Dungannon would do some act which the English government would construe as illegal, and thereby give them the chance they hoped for so much. It was this fear which made Burke cry out: "Will nobody stop that madman Grattan?" Are we to construe his honest fear as want of sympathy? We are getting accustomed now to hearing prominent Irishmen, long resident in England, alluded to as being more English than Irish in sentiment and feeling. Indeed the fact that many of them added so much lustre to English literature, is cited as an evidence of the civilizing influences of English surroundings. How often have we heard, even here in America, the senseless remark concerning an intelligent Irishman: "Well, I declare, who would have taken him for an Irishman! My lands, he is smart enough to be an American or an Englishman!" This is the sort of praise that kills. We know how fearfully it acted in the case of Thomas Moore, and how his own countrymen were led to believe that the flattery of lords and stately dames in England had turned his mind away from Ireland. The fact that he did not finish his little history of Ireland is made to tell against him; and even in the school books in use in this city he is alluded to as an "English poet."

Well, misrepresentation has had its day, and we are beginning to look at things more calmly, critically and intelligently. That unreasonableness, born of the hideous penal code, is beginning to leave us. We have put the mist away from our eyes, and we see that deep down in the heart of poor Tom there was a pure unsullied love for Ireland, and that not alone was he intensely Irish, but that he gloried in it. And mark the change which has followed swiftly upon our discovery. The people who before praised him now dispraise him; his music is no longer heard in the elegant drawing-room, and even the upstarts of his own race, follow their slavish instincts, and bar it from their homes because indeed "it is no longer fashionable." God forgive the craven wretches! Still, there is here a sort of justice. Those grand, sweet, plaintive airs were the common property of the Irish people centuries ago, and if they are now returned to us, retouched by a master hand, shall we not welcome them? What matter if England has rejected them, and the flunkies of our own race hastened to do the same? Thirteen years ago, I sought shelter one evening from a heavy shower of rain under the wide eaves of a cottage in Bermuda. From my position I could partly see the interior. Two ladies occupied the sitting room, and going to the piano one seated herself and played, while the other sang. I knew both, but my drenched condition kept me from making my presence known. How sweetly "The Coulin" floated out upon the hot atmosphere, and was followed by "Erin the Tear and the Smile in Thine Eye." Neither of the ladies ever saw Ireland, and so far as I knew, had no connection with it. To me it was a delightful treat, and I asked God to bless the player and the singer.

Some day it will be discovered that Edmund Burke had, after all, a warm, tender nature, and that he was beyond and before everything else an Irishman, not a West Britonized Irishman, but the pure unsullied Celt. We must not forget that some of our heroes to whom we now pay our tribute of admiration, were in their day classed as supporters of the English system, to a far greater extent than Edmund Burke ever went. Think of Red Hugh and Proud Shane, and think of Lord Edward in later times. They were all supporters of the England of their time, but only for policy sake, and when Ireland demanded their services we know how cheerfully they obeyed the call. Edmund Burke was wise enough to see that Irish success and English success cannot live at the same time. "It had been well observed by a gentleman of first-rate understanding (a member of the British parliament) that 'Ireland could never prosper till its inhabitants were a people;' and though the assertion might seem strange that three millions of inhabitants in that island should not be called a people, yet the truth was so, and so would continue till the wisdom of parliament should unite them by all the bonds of social affection. Then, and not till then, might Ireland hope to prosper." These words were spoken by Henry Grattan in the Irish parliament house? Why are we disunited? Because England wishes us so, and because t is essential to her well being; and if Edmund Burke told us those plain, wholesome truths, he was none the less an Irishman. It has been truthfully said that "our best friends are those who tell us our faults."

T. J. F.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

The engagement of Mrs. Cora Potter and Mr. Kyrle Bellew, with their excellent company, at the Schiller theatre, concludes with the present week.

Next Sunday evening, Nov. 18, that favorite actor, Mr. Robert Mantell, the foremost representative of the romantic-dramatic at present on the stage, comes to the Schiller theatre for one week only. His annual visit to Chicago is always welcome, as his masterly impersonations of romantic stage characters appeal to a very large section of the most generous class of play-goers. Next week he will be seen in "The Corsican Brothers;" his interesting romantic play "Monbars;" "Romeo and Juliet;" (Mantell is credited with making an ideal Romeo); "The Marble Heart," and his most recent and pronounced success, "Parrhasius." Speaking of Mantell's performances in that city recently, the Philadelphia *Record* says, "He is as handsome as ever, and his experience in variety of characters, has made him one of the most finished and charming actors upon the stage."

Edwin Milton Royle, the accomplished author and actor, succeeds Robert Mantell at the Schiller, where he will present his charming comedy-drama "Friends" for one week, commencing on Sunday evening, Nov. 25. "Friends" holds its place as one of the assured successful theatrical ventures of the present season, and it has been received everywhere with remarkable popularity.

To "Suffer and Be Strong"—

In other words, to exhibit fortitude when enduring bodily pain is, of course, praiseworthy, but sufferers from rheumatism would undoubtedly forego the praise which the exercise of this Spartan virtue calls forth, to obtain prompt and easy relief. It is at their very threshold in the shape of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which arrests this formidable disease at the outset, and acts as an efficient anodyne upon the afflicted nervous system. Take time by the forelock if you feel rheumatic twinges, and give them a quietude at once. Rheumatism is, reader, you may perhaps not be aware, liable to attack the heart. Many a man and woman with a heart thus attacked has promptly "shuffled off this mortal coil." The Bitters is also an excellent remedy for kidney trouble, malaria, constipation, debility, neuralgia, sleeplessness and dyspepsia.

"Donahoe's Magazine."

Each number brighter and better than its predecessor is the verdict with which *Donahoe's Magazine* is popularly honored, and the justice of that verdict being emphasized by the November issue of this excellent publication. The current number is rich in beautifully illustrated papers, dealing with "Georgetown College Observatory," "Catholic Sons of Harvard," "Diocese of Albany," "Archbishop Ireland," and "A Colored Etching," the latter dealing with Catholic effort in St. Paul for the spiritual benefit of the negro. Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., contributes a comprehensive paper on the recent "International Catholic Scientific Congress"; while there is also the usual rich store of prose and vere to make a notable issue of this enterprising publication. No wonder that *Donahoe's Magazine* has established itself as the leading Catholic periodical of America; its pages abundantly vindicate its right to that title. Donahoe's Magazine Co., 611 Washington street, Boston.

THE White Star Liner Teutonic arrived at New York on Wednesday last, Nov. 14, at 5 o'clock p.m.

THE GAELIC CLASS.

The Gaelic Class meets every Sunday from 2:30 to 6 o'clock p.m., in St. Patrick's Academy, Desplaines street, north of St. Patrick's church, second floor. Books can be obtained at the school from a member of the class.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Raolroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

ON THE BIG STRIKE.

Report of the Commission Appointed by Cleveland.

GENERAL MANAGERS CONDEMNED,

And the Prime Responsibility Laid Upon Taem and the Car Building Corporation.

Pullman Strikers Not Justified in a Demand for the Wages of 1893, but the Railway Trouble Due to the Acts of the General Managers' Association, Which Is Declared a Dangerous Body—Troops at Chicago Justified—Sympathies of Policemen—Railway Union Leaders Acquitted of Favoring Violence.

CHICAGO, Nov. 13.—The United States government report on the great railway strike in connection with the Pullman trouble is made public. The report is signed by the federal labor commissioner Carroll D. Wright, and his fellow investigators, John D. Kernan, of New York, and Nicholas D. Worthington, of Illinois. The report says the capitalization of the twenty-four railroads directly represented in the General Managers' association was $2,108,552,617. The number of employes was 221,097. The commission continues: "This voluntary, unincorporated association was formed in 1886. In its constitution the object of the association is stated to be 'the consideration of problems of management arising from the operation of railroads terminating or centering at Chicago.' It further provides that 'all funds needed shall be raised by assessments divided equally among the members.' There are no limitations as to 'consideration of problems' or 'funds,' except the will of the managers and the resources of the railroad corporations.

General Managers and Switchmen.

"Until June, 1894, the association's possibilities as a strike fighter and wage arbiter lay rather dormant. Its roads fixed a 'Chicago scale' for switchmen covering all lines at Chicago. In March, 1893, the switchmen demanded more pay from each road. The association concluded that they were paid enough—if anything too much. The roads so informed the men. The Switchmen's Mutual Aid association of North America wrote to Mr. St. John, as chairman, acquiescing. He, as chairman of the General Managers' association, concluded his reply as follows: 'The association approves the course taken by your body and desires to deal fairly with all employes and believes that our switchmen are receiving due consideration.'

"This seems to show," the report says, "that employes on association roads are treated as under subjection to the General Managers' association.

Proposed a Uniform Schedule.

"This was the first time when men upon each line were brought sharply face to face with the fact that in question as to wages, rules, etc., each line was supported by twenty-four combined railroads. This association likewise prepared for its use elaborate schedules of the wages paid upon the entire lines of its twenty-four members. The proposed object of these schedules was to let each road know what other roads paid. Finding that the men upon some lines urged increase to correspond with wages paid elsewhere, a committee of the association prepared and presented a uniform schedule for all membership roads. It was deemed wise not to act upon the report. It was distributed to members in November, 1893. This distribution alone enabled the report to be used with efficiency as an 'equalizer.'

Combination Against the Employes.

"As the result, during 1893—it being then well anderstood that as to wages, etc., it was an incident of the General Managers association to 'assist' each road in case of trouble over such matters, one form of assistance being for the association to secure men enough through its agencies to take the places of all strikers—reductions were here and there made on the different roads, the tendency and effort apparently being to equalize the pay on all lines. It is admitted that the action of the association has great weight with outside lines, and this tends to establish one uniform scale throughout the country. The further single step of admitting lines not running into Chicago to membership would certainly have the effect of combining all railroads in wage contentions against all employes thereon."

DISAPPROVES OF THE MANAGERS.

A Shrewdly Devised Plan of Corporations to Usurp Power.

The commission then questions the legality of the association and says it is "an illustration of the persistent and shrewdly devised plans of corporations to over-reach their limitations and to usurp indirectly powers and rights not [otherwise] obtainable. An extension of this association and the proposed legalization of 'pooling' would result in an aggregation of power and capital dangerous to the people and their liberties as well as to employes and their rights. The question would then certainly arise as to which shall control, the government or the railroads, and the end would inevitably be government ownership. Unless ready for that result and all that it implies the government must restrain corporations within the law and prevent them from forming unlawful and dangerous combinations.

"At least, so long as railroads are thus permitted to combine to fix wages and for their joint protection, it would be rank injustice to deny the right of all labor upon railroads to unite for similar purposes. It should be noted that until the railroads set the example a general union of railroad employes was never attempted. The unions had not gone beyond enlisting the men upon different systems in separate trade organizations," having "no such scope or capacity for good or evil as is possible under the universal combination idea inaugurated by the railroads and followed by the American Railway Union. The refusal of the General Managers' association to recognize and deal with such a combination of labor as the American Railway Union seems arrogant and absurd when we consider its standing before the law."

On the subject of Pullman the report goes over its history and growth, giving the figures of the reports, reiterates the facts that the company pays dividends of 8 per cent., and lays by a surplus. Then it discusses Pullman town, sarcastically referring to the church, the rent of which is too high for any body of worshippers to pay, and the library which, costing each user $3 a year, has only had 250 out of the 4,000 or 5,000 people in Pullman as taking advantage of its privileges. This part of the subject is treated similarly all through. When the Pullman company is credited with some act that looks liberal and generous it is immediately shown that there is a selfish motive at the bottom.

Generally the system at Pullman is condemned as paternalistic, and it is stated that under such a system, when depression came it called for mutual concessions in wages, rents, etc., but that when these were needed there was found on one side an unyielding corporation and on the other a multitude of workmen illy able to meet the issue. Says the report: "The conditions created at Pullman enable the management at all times to assert with great vigor its assumed right to fix wages and rents, absolutely, and to repress that sort of independence which leads to labor organizations and their attempts at mediation, arbitration, strikes, etc. * * * The men at Pullman claim that the company during 1893-94 set the pace through experts, so that with their forced loss of time anaverage man could earn little more than the rent of his home."

Then the report goes on to show that in some cases the men in two weeks earned little more than their rent, and calls attention to the fact that no superintendent or official's salary was reduced. The report says that the Pullman company represented that what it did was for the workmen's benefit while the testimony showed that it was for its own. Outside of æsthetic features rents in Pullman were 20 to 25 per cent. higher than elsewhere in Chicago, and these æsthetic features have little money value to employes. To the claim that employes do not have to rent houses in Pullman the report replies that the fear of losing work causes the men to rent them whether they will or not.

The method of collecting rent is an evasion of the anti-truck law of Illinois, and generally the company claiemd the right to "avail itself to the full extent of business depression and competition in reducing wages and to disregard these same conditions as to rents. No valid reason is assigned for this position except simply that the company had the power and the legal right to do it." It also aimed to regulate the whole wage scale at Pullman by the wages paid men at work in that branch that had to meet the closest competition.

COMES DOWN TO THE STRIKES.

Demand for Wages of 1893 Unjustifiable —The Railway Trouble.

"The demand of the employes for the wages of June, 1893, was clearly unjustifiable. The business in May, 1894, could not pay the wages of June, 1893. The reduction was carried to excess, but the company was hardly more at fault therein than were the employes in insisting upon the wages of June, 1893." But the report says some slight reduction as to rents would probably have prevented the strike. "The strike occurred on May 11, and from that time until the soldiers went to Pullman, about July 4, 300 strikers were placed about the company's property, professedly to guard it from destruction or interference. This guarding of property in strikes is, as a rule, a mere pretense. Too often the real object of guards is to prevent newcomers from taking the strikers' places by persuasion, often to be followed if ineffectual by intimidation and violence."

The strikers said this was not the case here, and the commissioners believe them and pay them a high compliment for "dignified, manly, and conservative conduct in the midst of threatened starvation." As to the great railroad strike proper the report says: "It is apparent that the readiness to strike sympathetically was promoted by the disturbed and apprehensive condition of railroad employes, resulting from wage reductions on different lines, blacklisting, etc., and from the recent growth of the General Managers' association, which seemed to them a menace." Farther on the report says: "It is seriously questioned and with much force whether courts have jurisdiction to enjoin citizens from 'persuading' each other in industrial or other matters of common interest."

The policy, the report says, of both the the Pullman company and the Railway Managers' association in reference to applications to arbitrate closed the door to all attempts at conciliation and settlement of differences. The commission is impressed with the belief, by the evidence and by the attendant circumstances as disclosed, that a different policy would have prevented the loss of life and great loss of property and wages occasioned by the strike.

There is no evidence before the commission that the officers of the American Railway Union at any time participated in or advised intimidation, violence, or destruction of property. They knew and fully appreciated that as soon as mobs ruled the organized forces of society would crush the mobs and all responsible for them in the remotest degree, and that this meant defeat. The attacks upon corporations and monopolies by the leaders in their speeches are similar to those to be found in the magazines and industrial works of the day.

From the testimony it is fair to conclude that strikers were concerned in outrages against law and order, although the number was undoubtedly small as compared with the whole number out. The report adds, however, that many impartial observers are reaching the view that much of the real responsibility for these disorders rests with the people themselves and with the government for not adequately controlling monopolies and corporations, and failing reasonably to protect the rights of labor and redress its wrongs. None asserts that laws can completely remedy contentions as to wages, etc., but many do insist that something substantial can be accomplished in this direction if attempted honestly, reasonably and in good faith.

JUSTIFIES SENDING THE TROOPS.

Some Remarks on Corporations, Combines and Government Ownership.

The report declares that the arrival of the troops at Chicago was opportune, and says that policemen sympathized with the strikers rather than with the corporations cannot be doubted, nor would it be surprising to find the same sentiment rife among the military. These forces are largely recruited from the laboring classes. Indeed, the danger is growing that in strike wars between corporations and employes, military duty will ultimately have to be done by others than volunteers from labor ranks. United States deputy marshals to the number of 3,000 were selected by and appointed at request of the General Managers' association and of its railroads. They were armed and paid by the railroads and acted in the double capacity of railroad employes and United States officers. The commission thinks this a bad precedent.

In conclusion the report says: "Since nations have grown to the wisdom of avoiding disputes by conciliation, and even of settling them by arbitration, why should capital and labor in their dependence upon each other persist in cutting each other's throats as a settlement of differences? * * * Were our population as dense and opportunities as limited as abroad, present industrial conditions would keep us much more disturbed than we now are by contests between capital and labor. Some of our courts, however, are still pouring over the law reports of antiquity in order to construe conspiracy out of labor unions. We also have employers who obstruct progress by perverting and misapplying the law of supply and demand and who, while insisting upon individualism for workmen, demand that they shall be let alone to combine as they please."

The report then instances the railway combinations together with those of other corporations, which have largely destroyed competition and seriously disturbed the working of the law of supply and demand. There is, for instance, no competitive demand for switchmen among the railways at Chicago—the railways are virtually one. Labor unions are here to stay and grow more numerous and powerful. The commission asks whether it is not "wise to fully recognize them by law; to admit their necessity as labor guides and protectors; to conserve their usefulness, increase their responsibility, and to prevent their follies and aggressions by conferring upon them the privileges enjoyed by corporations, with like proper restrictions and regulations."

The question of corporate power is exhaustively discussed and the benefits given the county by corporations are admitted, but we have encouraged corporate power and neglected labor power. To encourage labor combines to prosper legitimately and responsibly would not be hostile to the true interests and rights of either labor or capital. But recommendations for specific remedies are premature. The government ownership of the railways is a problem too vast. It belongs to socialism. But these questions are pressing more urgently as time goes on and should be well studied by citizens.

"Should continued combinations and consolidations result in a dozen or less ownerships of our railroads within a few years, as is by no means unlikely, the question of government ownership will be forced to the front and we need to be ready to dispose of it intelligently. * * * Other nations * * * own and operate telegraphs and railroads with varying results. Whether it is practicable for this nation to do so successfully * * * when the people determine it shall be done is an open and serious question.

"We ought now to inaugurate a permanent system of investigation into the relations between railroads and employes in order to prepare to deal with them intelligently, and that we may conservatively adopt such remedies as are sustained by public opinion for defects or wrongs that may from time to time appear." The commission contends that law should make it obligatory upon some public tribunal promptly to intervene by means of investigation and conciliation and to report whenever a difficulty of the character of that occurring during the past season at Chicago arises.

MAKES SOME RECOMMENNATIONS,

Which Briefly Stated Involve the Idea of "Compulsory" Arbitration.

The commission recommends that there be a permanent United States strike commission of three members endowed with power to investigate strikes and recommend forms of settlement of disputes between railways and their employes, the powers to be similar to those of the interstate commerce commission; that power be given United States courts to compel obedience on the part of the railways to the decisions of the strike commission after summary hearing, unattended by technicalities, and that pending appeal no delay in obeying the decision be permitted.

That in all cases of dispute between railways and "incorporated" labor bodies, each side shall have the right to select one person so sit with the commission in that case, the president of the United States confirming the appointment—the object being to encourage incorporation of labor bodies. During pudency of such a case neither the railways nor the employes shall make any hostile move, nor for six months after the decision. That it be required of labor unions that they expel all who use force or violence or destroy property during a strike, but that members shall be no more personally responsible for corporate acts than stockholders in corporations.

The commission does not feel warranted in recommending the license system advised by some, but recommends careful consideration of the matter. A system of conciliation and arbitration like the Massachusett's system is suggested, reinforced by additional power in the board of arbitration, so that it could investigate strikes whether requested or not. Contracts requiring men to abjure labor unions should be made illegal. Employers should recognize labor unions and treat with them, coming in closer touch with labor unions generally; raise wages voluntarily when possible and give good reasons for reductions. By these means much of the severity of strikes could be tempered and their number reduced.

CZAR'S BODY REACHES MOSCOW.

Nearly the Whole Population Turns Out to Do It Honor.

MOSCOW, Nov. 12.—The funeral train of the late czar, when it reached this city, found nearly the whole population in the streets waiting to express reverence for the dead ruler and he city literally covered with funeral drapery, while arches and obelisks had been erected everywhere on the line of the procession. Among the royal personages coming in the train were the Czar Nicholas, the czarina, Princess Alix, the Prince and princess of Wales, and a long list of grand duckes and duchesses and other notables.

The body was taken from the train and borne in an imposing procession amid the booming of guns, and flanked on either side by thousands of people, many weeping and praying, to the Kremlin, where the metropolitan conducted a solemn and elaborate funeral service. After the services were concluded the people were admitted to take a last look at the face of the "Peasant Czar." The most touching scenes were witnessed at this point of the obsequies. The people prostrated themselves, weeping and praying for the repose of the czar's soul.

Three women and two men were baptized in the cold waters of the Ohio at Pittsburg, in view of several hundred spectators.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Nov. 7.

Charles Keller, a director of the A. R. U., has been fined at Danville, Ills., for instigating a boycott, and says he will serve his fine out in jail.

The annual report of the naval bureau of equipment shows that it costs over $500,000 to supply naval vessels with coal.

P. G. Hamerton, the well-known artist, author and poet, is dead as Paris. He was 60 years old and born in England.

A. J. Mountney Jepson, explorer and author, who went into Africa with Henry M. Stanley and found Emin Pasha, will in a few weeks marry Anna, daughter of A. E. Head, of San Francisco.

Ex-President James McCosh, of Princeton university, is critically ill.

The trial of Ben Clendennin, charged with murdering Dr. J. W. Davis, near Montgomery, Ala., Aug. 9, resulted in his being convicted of murder in the first degree.

Major General Oliver O. Howard will be retired from the United States army today, having reached the statutory age limit.

Thursday, Nov. 8.

M. de Naucort, a Frenchman, has a record of having killed 500 tigers.

An order issued by Secretary Herbert details Captain Philip Cooper as superintendent of the Naval academy.

At the recent fruit show at the Crystal Palace the queen took first prize for 100 varieties of pears and apples.

The Prussian government spends over $50,000 a year in support of the laboratories in connection with the medical department of the University of Berlin. This is exclusive of the salaries paid to professors.

It is thought that war will follow the refusal of the Madagascar government to accede to the demands made by France.

In the public schools of France 24.2 per cent. of the pupils are short sighted.

Self-murder is decidedly on the increase in Christian countries.

An attempt at fraudulent voting at Harpersville, Ala., resulted in a riot in which two men were shot.

Owing to the heavy traffic in coal, live stock and fruit, the eastern lines are suffering from a car famine.

Friday, Nov. 9.

During Tuesday night some men climbed a high furnace stack on Painter & Co.'s mill at Pittsburg, which has been idle for several months, and nailed a large American flag to the highest point.

A mail train on the Bengal and Nagpore railway ran into a wild elephant that was straying along the line near Guilkhera. The engine left the rails with the first five carriages, but no one was seriously injured.

The MS. and score of Wagner's "Tannhauser" have been sold by a Frankfort collector to a Leipsic amateur for the sum of $3,500.

Charles Brigham, who was appointed a clerk in the mailing department of the Boston postoffice when Martin Van Buren had just entered upon his term as president of the United States, is still there, after fifty-six consecutive years of service.

Frank Albert, endeavoring to break the bicycle road record between New York and Chicago, arrived in Rochester, N. Y., Tuesday night. While in a restaurant his wheel was stolen and he had to abandon the trip.

Saturday, Nov. 10.

President Peixoto, of Brazil, settled a revolt of artillerymen by shooting twenty of the leaders and distributing the rest among other commands.

The Waif Saving association of the United States, in session at Pittsburg, has elected these officers: President, General Russell A. Alger, Detroit; corresponding secretary, T. E. Daniels, Chicago. Among the directors are the following Chicagoans: James Leiter, H. B. Hurd, J. E. Slocum and R. W. McClrughrey.

General W. H. Gibson is dying at Tiffin, Ohio.

Eleven half frozen sailors were taken from the rigging of the schooner Massasoit by the life-saving crew at Long Beach, Fire island, N. Y.

In Conuecticut the storm of Monday night blew 8,000 telegraph and telephone poles literally out of the ground and prostrated 20,000 miles of wire.

The Prince of Wales is 53 years old, and for the first time in his life spent his birthday anniversary away from home, being absent in Russia attending the funeral of the czar.

Monday, Nov. 12.

Rey El Santa Anita, the Derby winner, has met another crushing defeat. He ran a poor fourth in the mile and seventy yards handicap at San Francisco, which was won by Duke Stevens in 1:45¼.

J. C. Yetzer, president of the defunct Cass County (Ia.) bank, who was found guilty at Atlantic, Ia., of fraudulently banking, after a trial lasting three weeks, has been sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

The sugar refineries in the east are opening up again full force and the sugar men say that orders for refined sugar are coming in faster than they can fill them.

Vice President Stevenson has gone to Asheville N. C., where his wife and daughter are visiting.

The king of Siam, who was reported dead some weeks ago, has entirely recovered.

The Ecuadorean rebels have won two victories over the existing government forces and seem to be on the way to establishing themselves as the rulers of the country.

Tuesday, Nov. 13.

The Connecticut legislature stands: Senate—Republicans, 21; Democrats, 1 (Hall of the Hartford district). House—Republicans, 205; Democrats, 47. Coffin's plurality for governor is 17,667, and majority over all 12,702.

Politicians of Argentina refuse to enter the cabinet and a state of siege is in prospect.

Emma Zimmerman, 4 years old, living with her parents at Bath Beach, N. Y., goes blind after eating cake or pastry and does not recover her sight for some time.

The Pennsyvania supreme court has decided that a religious habit—such as is worn by Roman Catholic nuns—may be worn when such nuns are teachers in the public schools.

Leading Hungarians are alarmed at the hostile attitude young Kossuth has taken to the Austrian government which, however, is securing him a triumphal progress through Hungarian towns. Young Kossuth will soon be required to take the oath to the king and if he refuses will be expelled from Hungary.

Collections of Peter's pence are hereafter to be transmitted to the apostolic delegate, Satolli, instead of being sent directly to Rome.

IN MEMORY OF THE ANARCHISTS.

Chicago Socialists Hold a Meeting, and Talk Anti-Dynamite.

CHICAGO, Nov. 12. — West Twelfth Street Turner hall was crowded with socialists who gathered to attend the commemoration exercises of the anniversary of the hanging of the anarchists. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Socialistic Labor party of Chicago. The stage was decorated with flags and red bunting, and a life size portrait of August Spies heavily draped with red bunting was suspended from the stage. Bernard Berlyn, who called the meeting to order, said that the meeting was the first which had been held since the hanging of the anarchists which was composed entirely of socialists. Jesse Cox was the next speaker. He said it was not the purpose of the socialists to gain their point by using force, but it was their object to gain a strong foothold by having complete organization and then to win out by ballots and not dynamite.

T. J. Morgan was loudly applauded when he appeared to make his address. He dwelt at great length upon the organization of the socialists. He said that without organization the Socialistic party could never gain its point. Julius Valteich said the time would come when the hanging of the anarchists would be revenged. "They were not hanged," he said, "because they dared to express their opinions, but because they were enemies to the capitalists." Valteich did not believe that dynamite would win the cause which the socialists of the world were aiming for, but appealed to his hearers to put explicit confidence in the ballot box.

Hundreds of men, women and children went out to Waldheim cemetery and held memorial exercises at the graves of the anarchists. En route the locomotive drawing the train of ten coaches was derailed, and a panic ensued, but only two persons were slightly bruised—the engineer and fireman of the train. The speeches were all of the mild anarchistic order. Herr Most, of New York, was the principal speaker. He eulogized the dead anarchists, reviewed the labor troubles and praised Governor Altgeld for purdoning Fielden and Schwab. His address was very wild in tone.

Made an Assignament.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 10.—The Schulenberg & Boeckelar Lumber company filed deeds of assignment here, naming C. F. Orthwein assignee for the local interests with Edward Mallinckrodt as associate. Edward C. Tittman is named as general assignee. The assets are $600,000, consisting of real estate in St. Louis and lumber lands in Illinois, Wisconsin, Kansas and Missouri. Liabilities are unknown as yet, but preferences for $215,000 are recorded. Adolph Boeckeler of the firm died in Germany Oct. 27 and the assignment was precipitated by the entanglement consequent upon his decease.

Non-Union Man Uses a Gun.

CHICAGO, Nov. 12.—James Doyle, treasurer of the Junior Plumbers' association, was shot and killed by Harry K. Burgess, an ironworker. For some time a strike has been in progress at the Marquette building, and assaults on non-union men by union men—of whom Doyle was one—have been numerous. When Burgess and a companion were leaving work they were assaulted by a crowd of union men with Doyle at the head. A fierce fight followed and Doyle was carried away with a bullet in his brain. He died in the hospital an hour later. Burgess gave himself up.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.

Money on call easy at 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 3½@3¾ per cent. Sterling exchange weak with actual business in bankers' bills at 487@487¼ for demand and 486@486¼ for sixty days; posted rates 487@489 and 488@489; commercial bills 485@485¼.

Silver certificates 64½bid; no sales; bar silver 63¾. Mexican dollars 51¼.

United States government bonds 5's regular, 112¾; 5's coupons, 113¼; 4's regular, 113½; 4's coupons, 113¼; 2's regular, 96 bid; Pacific 6's of '95, 101.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Nov. 12.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—November, opened 58¾c, closed 54½c; December, opened 55½c, closed 55¾c; May, opened 59¾c, closed 60¼c. Corn—November, opened 50¼c, closed 50¼c. December, opened 49¾c, closed 50c; May, opened 50c, closed 50¼c. Oats—November, opened 25¾c, closed 25¼c; December, opened 25¾c, closed 25¾c; May, opened 28¼c, closed 28¼c. Pork—November, opened $—, —; January, opened $12.27½, closed $12.62½. Lard—January, opened $7.17, closed $7.35.

Produce—Butter: Extra creamery, 22c per lb; extra dairy, 19c; packing stock, 10½@11c. Eggs—17½ per doz. loss off. Live poultry—Chickens, old, 6c per lb; spring, 8c; ducks, 7½@8c; turkeys, 6½@8c; geese, 6@7c per doz. Potatoes—Burbanks, 45@50c per bu; Hebrons, 55@58c; Rose, 45@50c. Sweet potatoes—Jerseys, $2.00@2.50 per bbl; Illinois, $1.25@1.50. Apples—Common to choice, $1.00@2.50 per bbl. Cranberries—Cape Cod, choice, $7.50@8.50 per bbl; $2.25@2.75 per 1-bu box. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13½@15c; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c per lb.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Nov. 12.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 45,000; sales ranged at $3.50@4.45 pigs, $4.15@4.60 light, $4.20@4.40 rough packing, $4.20@4.80 mixed, and $4.45@4.90 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Receipts for the day, 21,000; quotations ranged at $5.50@6.35 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.80@5.50 good to choice do, $3.90@4.60 fair to good, $3.80@4.15 common to medium do, $3.00@3.70 butchers' steers, $3.00@3.00 stockers, $2.60@3.40 feeders, $1.25@2.60 cows, $2.40@3.30 heifers, $1.50@3.50 bulls, $2.25@3.10 Texas steers, $2.75@4.25 western rangers and $2.00@5.50 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day $4,000; sales ranged at $1.50@3.10 westerns, $1.50@2.80 Texans, $1.75@3.50 natives and $3.00@4.40 lambs.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

EAST BUFFALO, Nov. 12.

Cattle—Receipts, 4,020 head; market slow but steady; good heavy export steers, $5.00@5.30; good shipping, $4.75@4.90; prime butchers and medium steers, $4.25@4.75. Hogs—Receipts, 25,000; Yorkers, $4.60@4.65; good mediums and mixed packers, $4.70@4.75. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 43,000; market lower; native lambs, choice, $3.50@3.90; fair to good, $3.00@3.40; good mixed sheep, $2.50@3.00.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 12.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 57½c; No. 1 northern, 63½c; May, 60½c. Corn—No. 3 white, 45c. Oats—No. 2 white, 32½c; No. 3 white, 32c. Barley—No. 2, 53½c; samples, 50@56c. Rye—No. 1, 50c.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 12.

Wheat—Cash, 51c; November, 51¾; December, 51½c; May, 57¼c. Corn—Cash, 45¼c; November, 45c; December, 46¼c; May, 47½c. Oats—Cash, 20c; November, 29½c; May, 32¼c. Pork—Jobbing, $13.00. Lard—Steam, $7.12; choice, $7.14.

SUMMARY OF ELECTION FACTS.

Situation as It Stands at the End of a Week After the Voting.

CHICAGO, Nov. 12.—Nearly a week has passed since the voters gave their decision of the political issues, and although the general result was sufficiently emphatic to have been made definitely known before midnight Tuesday, Nov. 6, there were a few uncertainties, a few of which remain to be cleared up. One of these, and the most upcertain, is the question who will be governor of California. A telegram from San Francisco says that has again become a question which a few days ago was considered settled.

What was at first supposed to be a decided victory for Budd, the Democratic candidate for governor, has now developed into a question of very serious doubt and the official canvass will probably be left to decide the contest between Budd and his opponent. Of the 2,274 precincts in the state 2,115 have been heard from and Budd has but 700 plurality. The Democrats claim that the official count will give Budd 500 more in San Francisco, which will leave him with 1,200 plurality and 159 precincts to hear from. There is talk of contesting the election if the official count gives the election to Budd. The Republicans have practically everything else and six of the seven congressmen.

The next mooted question was as to the governorship of Tennessee, but that has apparently been settled by the Democrats conceding the election of Evans, Republican, on the face of the returns and the Republicans claim a plurality of about 1,500 votes. The legislature is Democratic and there is much talk of fraud on both sides. One of the charges is—on both sides—that returns have been held back to see "how many votes were needed." But the fact is that the returns were never sent in so rapidly in the history of the state.

The result in Texas is definitely known, and is the election of a Democratic governor by a plurality of about 50,000, a Populist vote largely increased over 1892, twelve Democratic congressmen and one Republican. In New Mexico the Republicans get the delegate and the legislature stands two Republican majority in the house and two Democratic maiority in the senate. The Populists carried one county.

The Democrats wound up the week by gaining two congressmen credited to the Republicans, Kem in Nebraska now beats his Republican competitor, Dougherty. Holcomb, however, has over 3,000 plurality, and the Republicans have concluded not to contest the case. They have the legislatnre and everything else. Republicans are reported to have lost another congressman—Hopkins, in Kenueky, who was reported to have beaten Kendall. Later reports give the fight to the latter by 104 plurality.

Revised figures on the plurality of Morton for governor of New York give him a plurality of 156,688. Some other figures that are very nearly correct are as follows—on pluralities for the head of the Republican ticket: Wisconsin, except four counties casting 12,000 votes, gives Upham 51,498. Indiana, all but ten counties, 45,445, Minnesota, all but six counties, 59,258. Missouri, official, unofficial and carefully estimated from the whole state, 11,092. Iowa, from every county, 78,703. The Populists claim a gain of 45,000 in Wisconsin.

Illinois gives a plurality for the Republicans of about 130,000. North Carolina advices are scarce, but the fusionists have carried the state and will send two senators to the United States congress. In West Virginia Hon. William E. Chilton, secretary of state and chairman of the Democratic state committee, states that the Republicans will have a majority on joint ballot in the next legislature of thirty-eight. There are already ten candidates for United States senator in the field, and the list is being swelled daily. Judge Goff and Stephen B. Elkins are the most prominent.

ANOTHER ISSUE OF BONDS.

Government to Borrow Fifty Millions More from the Banks.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—The Press says: After the close of business yesterday it was announced that the government will ask the bankers for another loan of $50,000,000. Gold bonds for that amount bearing 5 per cent. interest will be issued within a few days at a price which will net investors about 3 per cent. annually. Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Curtis has been in this city for several days and has had conferences with the presidents of national banks and trust companies. One of these bank presidents said; "Yes, there will be an issue of bonds shortly. Probable within the next week or two. Secretary Carlisle will call for investors. President Cleveland and the secretary have determined that the gold reserve shall not be further depleted."

New Railway in Colorado.

DENVER, Nov. 12.—The Colorado, Wyoming and Great Northern Railroad company has been incorporated by I. T. Carpenter, T. E. Senlord, C. F. Lass, M. C. Whitehead and J. P. Nesbitt. The proposed route is from Grand Junction through Garfield county and up the Green river to Green River city, on the Union Pacific railroad in Wyoming. Branches will be built to Grove City, Utah, and Mecker.

Admiral Gherardi Retired.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—Admiral Gherardi has been placed on the retired list. As a result of his retirement Admiral Greer, at president of the lighthouse board, becomes senior admiral of the navy.

Swelling in the Neck

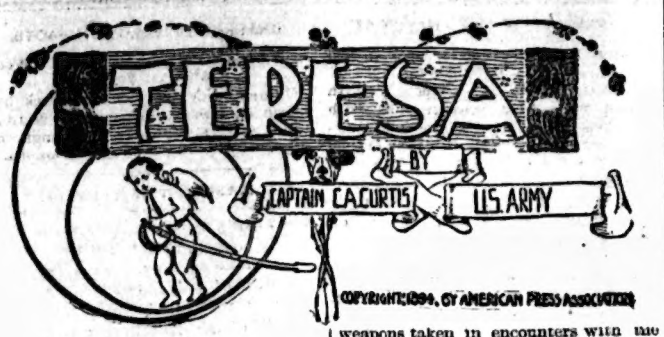
"LARGE knots of scrofula nature came on my wife's neck for four years. When she had taken two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, we could see the swelling was going down. Now the glands have assumed their natural appearance and she is

Entirely Free

from this trouble. Our children were afflicted with spells of malaria every fall but this season they have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has purified their blood, built them up, and they have been free from all illness this winter." E. M. BLACKBURN, Oregon, Missouri.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.



CHAPTER II.

During the following year escort duty took Lieutenant Raymer twice to Albuquerque, and while there he had the good fortune to form the acquaintance of Senor Valencia and was several times invited to dine at his house. Gentlemen only appeared at the table, thus confirming all his friend Reed had said of this feature of New Mexican domestic life.

Raymer embraced every opportunity to learn something of Dona Teresa, but with small success. On his second visit he determined upon a desperate measure. He called at the Valencia residence and asked to see the ladies. He was graciously received by la senora and a few elderly maiden relatives, but to his request that he might pay his respects to the daughter of the house the mother politely replied that it would be impossible, giving several excellent reasons for la senorita's absence. She told him that she knew to whose brave assistance Teresa owed her rescue from the ruffian in Santa Fe and returned her grateful thanks for the same. She also expressed much regret that Don Ignacio Ortega, her daughter's affianced husband, on account of illness was unable to punish the man as he deserved, and she added that it would be an unceasing regret on his part that he was unable to do what every impulse of his brave and generous nature impelled him to do.

The lieutenant returned to Santa Fe feeling that an attempt to break through the social barriers that inclosed Teresa would be futile, and to make her acquaintance according to society methods was beyond hope. There seemed but one resource—one repugnant to his honest and manly character—to attempt a clandestine acquaintance. This thought he dismissed a once, not only because it was inconsistent with his own nature, but because he believed from what he had learned of her that the Mexican girl would not encourage him in such a course.

He had learned one thing during his last visit, which seemed to make any further attempts to form her acquaintance hopeless as well as useless. Ortega's parents had made overtures looking toward immediate marriage, and Teresa's mother was in favor of the proposition. Her father, however, preferred the union should not take place before she was 21 years old.

Some months later Raymer received orders to march his company to Los Valles Grandes, something over 100 miles west of Santa Fe, to relieve a company of volunteers that for a year past had been guarding a trail leading from the Rio Grande to the Navajo country. The lieutenant was the only officer on duty with his company, which, reduced by various casualties, numbered but 45 men. With these he performed the five days' march to his new station.

The valley in which he found the volunteer encampment was 14 miles long by 8 wide, surrounded on all sides by rugged and forest clad mountains. A stream of crystal water flowing from a group of springs near the northern end wound tortuously and without break or ripple to the southern extremity, where it plunged through a narrow and precipitous canyon, impassable to man or beast, and found its way to the Jemez river. Westward a second canyon, known as La Puerta, led for six miles between nearly perpendicular walls to another valley lying parallel with the first.

The first valley, rising saucerlike from the center to the fringe of pines at the foot of the mountain slopes, was covered with waving grass. Not a tree nor shrub arose from the undulating surface. A pine covered point extended from the western range into the valley near the center like a bold headland into the sea.

There was no wagon road into the basin, except the one by which the soldiers entered, but there were half a dozen mountain trails from the direction of the Rio Grande, all uniting with the one which passed to the west through La Puerta. There was also a bridle path leading southward to the Indian pueblo of Jemez, 25 miles distant.

Near the center of the valley, a little south of the wooded point, a roll in the surface swelled into a horseshoe shaped ridge 15 feet high, inclosing a level space of nearly two acres. The opening of the horseshoe was to the east, and before it, from heel to heel, flowed the stream. Across the loop and well back against the ridge stood a row of 16 cabins, with company kitchen and storehouse at the north end and officers' quarters at the south end. Up the ridge, behind the line of cabins, was the guardhouse, before which walked the only sentinel posted in the valley. A stable stood a little more retired to the north.

The lieutenant's cabin contained one room, having two windows looking out upon the parade and a door opening upon the southern side. The huge pine logs of which it was constructed were laid horizontally and hewed smooth on the inner side. The floor was of earth, raised above the surface of the ground several inches, made level and carpeted with the skins of the gray wolf, coyote and bear. A corner inclosed with handsome Navajo blankets was used as a bedroom. In the corner farthest from door and windows was a large stone fireplace, chimney and mantel. On the walls hung the arms and equipments of the lieutenant, the antlers of a stag and other trophies of the hunt and weapons taken in encounters with the Indians. Over the mantel were crossed muskets intersected by guidons. On the northern wall a small bookshelf, made of slabs hewed thin and ornamented by rustic boughs and pine cones, contained a few college textbooks in Latin and Greek; a dictionary, reader and grammar and "Don Quixote" and the missal dropped from the Valencia carriage, in Spanish. In English there were a few novels by the best authors, a Shakespeare, several popular magazines and reviews, military reference books and tactics, the Bible and the "Book of Common Prayer." A center table, a stand, four chairs, a woodbox and water jar made up the furniture.

A few yards behind the officer's cabin was his kitchen; but, as the lieutenant was alone, he made no use of it, turning his rations into the company kitchen, from which his servant brought his meals, eking them out with some extras prepared at the officer's hearth.

Life in the valley was full of adventure. During the eight months that Raymer remained there he had frequent encounters with the Navajoes, successfully resisting an attempt by a party of 300 to capture the camp and meeting with various minor collisions on the outlying trails. Only two of these affairs have anything to do with the thread of this story. The first occurred in the last week of October.

Late in the afternoon of a pleasant day a gentleman, mounted on a pony and accompanied by a Mexican serving man similarly mounted, entered the camp and was shown by the sergeant of the guard to the quarters of the lieutenant. He introduced himself as the agent of the Navajo tribe of Indians and presented a letter from the department commander which stated that the bearer was on his way to the Indian pueblo of Jemez to prevent a threatened massacre of a number of Navajo women, children and old men who had sought asylum there and authorized the lieutenant to furnish him with a detachment of soldiers.

After dismounting and entering the officer's cabin the agent stated that, the Navajo country being overrun by the national forces, many of the principal men of the tribe had sent their wives and children to the towns of the Pueblo Indians for safety, and that there were now at Jemez 12 old warriors, 18 women and quite a number of children. He further stated that a war party of Navajoes had recently successfully raided the stock of the pueblo of Santo Domingo because the inhabitants had refused to grant asylum to their families, and that the Dominicans had organized a party to go to Jemez and kill the aged men and the women and children there in revenge.

The lieutenant expressing a doubt that the Jemez Indians would permit such an outrage of the laws of hospitality, especially when they outnumbered the Dominicans by several hundreds, the agent replied that Jemez was in no sense to be considered friendly to the Navajoes, but that its position near a principal trail to the country of those predatory nomads made it to the advantage of the pueblo to be on good terms.

The Dominicans had sent word to the governor of Jemez that if his people interfered to protect their guests the military authorities would consider them allies of the Navajoes and treat them accordingly.

For messenger and other special service requiring speed the camp had been furnished with two broncbos. These, with the six wagon mules and the private horse of the lieutenant, made it possible in an emergency to mount nine men. Raymer mentioned this to the agent and urged that the detachment should start at 3 in the morning, which would enable it to cover the 25 miles between the valley and the pueblo by daylight. But the gentleman preferred sleeping to night marching and insisted that to leave by sunrise would be sufficiently early.

The orders of the commanding general required the lieutenant to conform his movements to the wishes of the agent, so he could do nothing but wait, that gentleman maintaining that the Dominicans would not leave their pueblo before noon.

Before tattoo First Sergeant Cunningham waited upon the officer with the request that he be allowed to accompany the expedition, his duties having hitherto confined him strictly to camp. The request was granted, and at daybreak the next morning the party of 11 and the lieutenant's setter, Victoriana, left the camp.

As Victoriana is a principal character in an incident soon to be related, she must be introduced to the reader. When Raymer was about to leave Santa Fe for the valleys, his friend Reed gave him a beautiful young setter, which he named as above, but which for convenience, except in moments of confidence, he called Vic. She was white and liver colored, with mottled nose and paws, and had a tail like the plume of Henry of Navarre. She had received no education, but she possessed plenty of capacity, and much of Raymer's time during the long evenings and on days when hunting or scouting was spent in training her.

She learned to close the door when he simulated a shiver, to bring his slippers when she saw him begin to remove his boots, to carry notes to the first sergeant, the laundress, the servant and the cooks and to go back to the camp from long distances for articles sent for. She was an unerring setter and a fine retriever. She was taught not to bark where a sound might bring an enemy upon her friends, and she would follow at the heels of her master's horse when told to do so and never make a break to right or left.

The march out of the valley, through a deep forest, down a zigzag descent of 2,000 feet to the banks of a river, along the river to the cultivated lands of the Jemez pueblo need not be described. As the detachment came in sight of the tinned spires of the church in the town a distinct murmur filled the air. The lieutenant ordered a halt and listened. In a moment what had seemed a murmur swelled upon the shuddering air an unmistakable warwhoop.

It was very evident that the Dominicans had arrived before the soldiers. Telling Sergeant Cunningham to bring the men up as rapidly as possible, sticking to the road, which made a long curve around the cornfields, the officer, accompanied by the Indian agent, put spurs to his horse and dashed toward the town.

Raymer's route was through the cultivated fields, while that of the soldiers was on the hard ground along the base of the foothills. His was in a direct line over deep, soft earth, frequently crossed by irrigating ditches, while theirs, although nearly double the distance, was over firm soil without a break. The lieutenant rode directly toward the church, which he knew overlooked the plaza.

Often the two riders plunged down the banks of the ditches, carrying avalanches of soil with them into two or three feet of water to make a hard scramble up the crumbling wall of the opposite sides, and as they neared the pueblo the louder grew the discordant warwhoops. Being better mounted than the agent, the officer took the lead by a few rods.

As he reached the border of the plantation Raymer found between it and the street a cactus hedge about four feet high, with no passage through it, except at a considerable distance to the right. Distrusting his broncho's ability to leap it or his own to keep his seat, the agent veered away toward the opening, while the lieutenant gave his thoroughbred his head and rode sharply at the hedge, clearing it at a bound and receiving but a few scratches from the spines as he went through the branching top.

Clear of the hedge, the officer found himself at the foot of a narrow lane which passed between two tall buildings and entered the plaza near the center of the western side. He took it at a run, and when half way through saw directly before the inner end, facing to the north, a group of old, gray haired Navajoes standing alone, with arms folded and holding their blankets firmly about their shoulders and breasts, while in their immediate front were some 100 mounted Pueblos painted and ornamented in true aboriginal style.

On the terraced front of the houses and their flat roofs and along three sides of the square seemed to be gathered the entire population of the town, looking passively on.

Before Raymer had more than taken in the scene a rattling discharge of rifles came from the direction of the Dominicans, and the 12 old warriors fell in a heap to the ground. Covered with dust and mud, his horse reeking with foam, the lieutenant burst through the crowd of spectators on the west side of the plaza and gained the open space just as the firing party was advancing with wild yells to complete the tragedy by scalping the slain. Raising his right hand, he shouted in Spanish:

"Stop where you are!"

The Pueblos halted, and at the same moment a group of 18 women and nearly twice as many children, who had been reserved, as the officer afterward learned, for later execution, ran into the space and clung to his feet, stirrups and the mane and tail of his horse, entreating with eyes and tongues for protection. What their eyes said needed no interpreter, but Raymer did not understand a single spoken word.

The warcries had ceased, and the Dominicans had gathered in an angry and gesticulating group, when Sergeant Cunningham and the rest of the men appeared on foot, running into the plaza from a side street and formed in line before their officer.

The massacre ended with the death of the old men. After much earnest and noisy consultation three chiefs of the Pueblo war party separated from the rest and advanced to the group of soldiers. One of their number, using the Spanish language, asked by what right the white chief had interfered to prevent the punishment of their enemies.

"By the right the strong have to protect the weak, for one thing," replied the young officer, "and by the right of the great government to protect his children."

"But in other fields the great father is punishing these same people for the faults they have committed against us," urged the Pueblo.

"True, but in open, manly conflict against men with arms in their hands—not against unarmed and defenseless old men and weak women and children. Go back to your homes and be ashamed of the deeds of today—deeds that tarnish the fame of your brave forefathers. Go!"

The chiefs turned, joined their party, and shortly afterward the whole cavalcade moved silently out of a corner of the square, crestfallen and ashamed.

Raymer sought the house of the Catholic priest and became his guest for the night. Early the following morning he held an inspection of the mules. He found the unusual service and the forced gait to which they had been put the previous day had so broken them up that they required a day's rest before making the return march.

His own horse and the broncho which Sergeant Cunningham rode being in fair condition, he decided to leave the men in charge of a corporal, and with the sergeant return at once to the valley. Taking leave of the priest, he went to the house of the governor of the pueblo to pay his respects and make arrangements for the delivery of grain at the camp for the use of the animals.

The governor desiring to show the lieutenant through the pueblo, and his courtesy being accepted, over two hours elapsed before he returned to his waiting horse and threw himself into the saddle. As he did so he asked the governor if there was not a shorter road to camp than the one he had recently passed over.

"Oh, yes," replied the chief; "you came by the bow! You can return by the cord."

"How much can I save?"

"The cord is six miles shorter than the bow."

A careful description of the short cut was made by the governor, and a few of the chief men gathered about, and Raymer, concluding that it would be impossible to stray from the trail, bade the Indians goodby and left the plaza by the northern side, Vic bounding and barking at his horse's head.

The general direction of the road was straight and led through a country over which the soldiers in the valley had not scouted. The first six miles was through land cultivated by the Pueblos or used by them as grazing ground for their stock. At the end of that distance it entered a forest and ran along the side of a small brook for several miles and then rose gradually to the side of a range of hills.

As the two horsemen turned the spur of a foothill they suddenly perceived five persons riding a short distance in advance, two men and three women. One of the men wore the cassock of a Catholic priest, the other the garb of a civilian. Two of the women seemed by their dress to be of the sisterhood in charge of the convent school at Santa Fe. The third woman was dressed in a green riding habit.

When the lieutenant and sergeant approached, the party in advance deflected to the right to allow them to pass. As they did so one of the sisters said something to their companion and threw her a shawl and veil, which she used to conceal her face and figure. The priest turned and revealed the features of Padre Gutierrez, the missionary of the pueblo they had just left.

"Ah, Father Gutierrez," said Raymer, "why did you not let me know you intended going to my valley and allow me to be your escort?"

"For two reasons, my gallant son—because I am not going to the valley and because I thought you were going the way you came."

"I did intend taking the other route, but the governor persuaded me to try a shorter one. Am I already astray?"

"You are in the right trail," replied the priest. "My route and yours are the same until we reach La Roca Grande. There we turn off to Pena Blanca."

"Are you not inviting attack to travel without escort?" asked the officer.

"The Pueblos report no Navajoes in this part of the country. These sisters and their charge are on their way to Santa Fe and will find a carriage awaiting them on the river."

While this conversation was going on the party was walking the horses along the side of the acclivity before mentioned, at a considerable distance above the eastern side of the brook, their hoofs making no noise in the soft, black earth, when the lieutenant and his companions were startled by the braying of a donkey somewhere in the valley. All the men sprang quickly from their saddles and seized the horses by their curbs to prevent them from answering their humble relative's greeting, for in such a region it was safest to take no chance of meeting an enemy. The priest and his attendant helped the women to the ground, and the whole party withdrew into a dense clump of firs.

Leaving the sergeant in charge of his horse, Raymer crept down the hillside to a point from which he could plainly see both sides of the brook. Looking across the ravine, he saw a party of Indians a couple of hundred yards beyond

Looking across the ravine, he saw a party of Indians.

the brook. Using his fieldglass, he made them out to be 27 Navajoes sitting about a campfire eating their dinner. As many ponies, two burros and two mules were grazing close by, their saddles and packs lying by the fire.

All the time the lieutenant was making his observations he never once thought of Vic. Had he done so it would have been easy to keep her close beside him, or he could have left her behind with his horse, but she had been free to wander where she pleased since he began the journey.

Suddenly the officer heard a chorus of exclamatory grunts from the Indians, and following the direction of their wondering eyes he saw Vic stand for an instant with her fore feet on a prostrate log, look inquiringly at the savages, then drop into the furze and disappear. The effect of a sight of a white man's dog wearing a brilliant metallic collar was electrical. The red men sprang to their feet at once, seized their arms and began saddling and bridling their ponies.

"Vic has betrayed us, sergeant," said Raymer as he quickly rejoined his companions. "Get the ladies into their saddles, padre. We must get out of here as fast as possible. There are 27 Indians after us!"

All were quickly in the saddle and once more upon the trail. Vic returned with a bound before her master's horse and received a peremptory order to keep close beside him. The party rode as fast as possible and did not make a noise, hoping to get a considerable distance away before they were discovered, but they had not gone far when an exultant yell from the Navajoes showed they were seen.

As they galloped on Raymer said to the priest, riding on his right:

"The Indians cannot cross the ravine to us without going back a mile."

"They will not go back. Their trail and ours meet beyond La Roca Grande. We cannot hope to escape them if we go on."

"We certainly shall fare no better by going back, father," said the lieutenant.

"True, but there is a refuge at La Roca. Whip up the sisters' horses, Jose!" he called to his attendant. "We must reach there first!"

The nuns and their charge were good horsewomen, and as their animals sprang into a run they sat them with ease and confidence. The lieutenant glanced over his left shoulder and saw that the Indians were but half a mile to the rear and were doing their utmost to close the distance between them.

Turning his head again to the front, Raymer saw, lowering above the tree tops in the distance, a huge, rocky elevation. Father Gutierrez saw it at the same instant and exclaimed:

"Look, lieutenant, La Roca Grande! There is a log cabin before it, in which we can take refuge."

Through a vista in the forest which had been gradually opening as they sped along Raymer noticed an eminence or butte which lifted its summit nearly 300 feet skyward, and which presented on the side toward him an almost perpendicular wall. When a little nearer he saw a neat log cabin close at its foot, nestling under its overarching brow. The party dismounted, led their panting and utterly exhausted animals into the house, closed the doors, and the men went to the windows with their rifles.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Growing Walking Sticks.

The cultivation of material for walking sticks is carried on in quite an extensive scale in some parts of Europe, and special attention is often paid to making the roots grow into shapely forms for handles. While in London last year I went in to a manufacturing establishment, the floor space of which covers nearly an acre. This concern has storehouses filled with native and foreign sticks, from which stock is drawn as wanted for the shops. The sticks as they grow are often very crooked and have to be straightened. A heap of sand is piled on the top of a hot stove, into which the sticks are plunged until they become pliable. The workman takes the crooked stick while it is yet hot and inserts it in a notch cut in a stout board, placed at an angle inclined from him, where he bends and strains it. When it has become perfectly straight, it is thrown down to cool, after which it becomes rigid and permanent in its lines. The same power which makes a crooked stick straight is applied to make a straight one crooked. All the various kinds of sticks that are required to be curled or twisted are, by the application of heat, made to assume almost any shape or form.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Perils of Politics.

"My friend," said the candidate for sheriff of Cheyenne, drawing a one eyed stranger close to his means of livelihood, "do you want to make $5 easy tonight?"

"Yep."

"All right. When I say in my speech, 'Is there a man among you who will deny this statement?' you jump to your feet in the rear of the hall and shout: 'Yes, sir, I will. You are a liar, and I can prove it!' and read from this clipping. Then I will call you down and make you ridiculous, but you will get the V nevertheless. Is it a go?"

"Nope."

"Why not?"

"I tried the same thing in Butte City a year ago, and the candidate jumped on me so hard that the audience kicked me out of the hall and rode me out of town on a rail. I didn't get the $5 either. Try it on some one else. I've been there."—Boston Herald.

Serenading an Absent Couple.

A most disgusted crowd in Saco, the other evening, was one that, after making itself hoarse and tired by an hour and a half spent in serenading a newly married couple and in vainly trying to get the groom to respond, was at last thanked for its music by the bridegroom's father, who volunteered the further information that his son and wife were in a neighboring village.—Lewiston Journal.

A Shrewd Dog.

A gentleman once stopped his gig at the door of a shop. Entering the shop, he left the dog on the seat of the gig. The horse took fright at something and bolted off down the street, dragging the reins on the ground. The dog at once jumped down and seized the reins in his teeth. Although he was pulled along for some distance, he kept pulling against the runaway horse till he managed to bring it to a standstill.—Family Herald.

The Wonders of the Sky.

The Professor (enthusiastically)—Ah, Miss Nomer, astronomy is a grand study! Look now, for instance, at Orion. Yonder is Mars, over there is Jupiter, and that beautiful blue star is Sirius.

Miss Nomer (deeply interested)—Oh, professor! How wonderful! But tell me, how did you astronomers ever find out the names of all those stars?—Answers.

Great Britain and Ireland is full of thirsty citizens if the quantity of cork used in a year is to be taken as a criterion. It takes 70,000 tons to stopper the ale and beer bottles on the tight little isle in 12 months.

Egyptians of Moses' time are believed to have been a cross between the black races of the south and the white invaders from the north.

CUSTOMS IN ROME.

INTERESTING MARRIAGE AND FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

Wedding Celebrations That Were Replete With Beautiful Features—Elaborate Funeral Ceremonies Accompanied by the Flickering Light of Torches.

There were very few old bachelors and old maids in Rome. Not only was marriage encouraged by the laws, but penalties were inflicted on those that remained single. The betrothal took place in public with many ceremonies, at which the priests and augurs assisted. The marriage itself was celebrated with a great entertainment given at the bride's home, and if she was to marry a soldier her hair was always divided with the point of a spear. She was then crowned with a wreath of flowers and wore a long veil, just as brides do in modern times. A contract of marriage was then drawn up in the presence of the guests, which was confirmed by the breaking of a straw between the wedded pair.

Late in the evening the bride was led to her husband's home by three boys whose parents were still living, and five torches were carried before her, also a distaff and spindle, as emblems of the habits of industry expected of her. Having come to the door, she bound the posts with wreaths of wool that had been dipped in melted tallow, in order to keep out witchcraft.

The same obedience to superstitious fears enjoined that she should by no means touch the threshold in entering her new home, so she was always lifted across it. After this was done the bridegroom presented her with the keys and two vessels containing fire and water.

There was usually a grand festival held at this house also, and the guests were expected to sing odes in praise of the newly married couple. In Italy, as in most warm countries, young people attain their growth so early that the ordinary age for marriage was from 13 to 18 for girls and from 20 to 30 for men. The bride was allowed little or no choice in the matter, as her father arranged everything with the bridegroom, and it was customary for him to stipulate that she should retain the control of her own property. When she was enrolled among the matrons, she had her own private band of attendants and could go out in public without any restraint.

A Roman funeral was also conducted with great pomp and ceremony. The dead body was bathed in perfumes, dressed in rich garments and laid out on a couch strewn with flowers, and for three days slaves and hired mourners kept watch with every outward manifestation of grief. The outer door of the house was shaded with branches of cypress, and priests were careful not to enter, as it was thought that they would be polluted if they came near the dead.

Before the funeral procession a coin was always placed between the lips of the dead body in order to pay Charon, the boatman, who was to row the departed across the river Styx, which was believed to divide this world from the land of spirits. Many of these coins are found in the old sepulchers near Rome, and I have one in my possession that was taken from a burial urn in Pompeii.

The funeral took place by torchlight, and first in the procession came a band of flute players, then a company of buffoons and dancers, one of whom was dressed to represent the deceased, and who imitated his gestures and bearing as clearly as possible. Next came "the ancestors"—that is, a group of the most prominent citizens wearing the wax masks that were kept in the house of all who laid any claims to honorable descent. These masks indicated the different forefathers who had held high positions and were worn at all the family funerals.

Round the bier in their newly donned caps of liberty walked the slaves who had been emancipated by the dead man's will. The family came next, the females belonging to it with heads uncovered and hair falling in wild confusion. The procession first bore the body to the forum, where it lay in state while some friend pronounced an oration, enumerating the virtues of the deceased and all the glories of his ancestors. The law required the burial place to be without the walls of the city, and military men were generally carried to a cemetery called "The Field of Mars," though many of the wealthy had sepulchers in the gardens attached to their country villas.

In the latter days of the empire the custom of burning the body was introduced, and it was laid on a pile of fagots to the sound of solemn music, while the nearest relative came forward with a lighted torch and set fire to it. Perfumes and spices were thrown into the blaze, and when all was consumed the embers were quenched with choice wine, the ashes were collected and placed in a costly urn, and the bones were dried, sprinkled with wine and milk and added to the ashes. This urn was then placed in the family sepulcher, which was covered with flowers, while the priests sprinkled the attendants with water to purify them.

At one time it was customary to supply the tomb with the implements the dead used in life, and ornaments, weapons and even money have been found in these old sepulchers, giving them more the aspect of a dwelling place than of a grave.

These elaborate ceremonies were concluded by a banquet, which was begun in the open air near the burying place, but afterward carried on at the house of the deceased. Sacrifices were made to the gods, and games were held in honor of the deceased at the same time. Of course this is a picture of the most imposing kind of a funeral. Among the lower classes much simpler rites prevailed, and but little attempt at ceremony was made.—A. M. Gardiner in Philadelphia Press

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 17, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"A Night Off."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Robert Mantell.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Julia Marlowe Taber.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Stuart Robson.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Dr. Syntax."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Trip to Chinatown."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—James J. Corbett.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Lost in New York."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"Down in Dixie."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

POPULAR DISCONTENT IN GERMANY.

There appears to be considerable excitement in Germany over the peculiar political proceedings of Kaiser Wilhelm, who is playing the "one-man-power" game with a vengeance. This young monarch, as we have already remarked in these columns, belongs to the age of chivalry, when kings were something so awful that mere common folk hardly dared to look crooked at them, and even "the nobles" had to keep their distance. We never could see that God made any difference, physically, between kings and other people. They are

"Creatures not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,"

and are subject to all the ills ordinary flesh is heir to, and more beside. In the matter of brains they have been, generally speaking, short. Young Wilhelm is a bright man enough, but he is a big, spoiled boy, for all that. He sets up his own will against that of the German nation, and he flouts, or "forgives," such colossal leaders as Bismarck and Caprivi, as may seem best to him. This course of conduct is bearing ominous fruit, and we are not surprised to read the subjoined news from the German Fatherland in the daily press:

"BERLIN, Nov. 10.—The *Boersen Courier* reminds its readers that two chancellors, four imperial secretaries of state, and fifteen Prussian ministers have been used up in a little more than six years. The *Grenzboten* says: 'Clearly confidence in the stability of the vital principles of the government has been weakened by recent event.' The newspaper quoted then calls upon the German nation to make a firm stand in defense of its constitutional rights. The most striking utterance, however, comes in the *Zukunft*, which in an article printed today on the emperor's autocratic tendency makes a rather daring comparison between Emperor William and Charles I of England, who was forever demanding explicit and unreasoning confidence of his subjects, with results to himself that will be easily recalled. In this connection the *Zukunft* remarks: 'Matters have come to such a pass in the German empire that the most weighty decisions depend upon accidents, and on the company the emperor chooses to keep and on the manner his entourage represent things to him. The citizens themselves, who preserve and protect this German empire and maintain the army and the court, are expected to rest content, hold their tongues, and be always assured that the well qualified authorities are safeguarding their welfare. This is asking too much.' Such outspoken remarks are rarely ventured in the German public press, and the *Zukunft* is treading upon such dangerous ground that it is likely soon to find itself in trouble with the authorities. Its utterance, nevertheless, truly voices the growing feeling of misgiving among a large and liberal minded section of the German public, which, however, is more easily discerned in the States outside of Prussia. Indeed, the Emperor has been forced into a realization of the dangers of the present situation by remonstrances addressed to him from Bavaria, Baden, and Wurtemberg regarding Caprivi's dismissal and the general instability of the government. This is an important fact, because it became known today, coupled with the announcement that Caprivi's trip to South Germany was not entirely a private affair, but takes the form of a mission at the request of the Emperor, with the object of calming the feeling of unrest and allaying the reawakened disposition towards independent action on the part of the South German States instead of acting in strict conformity with the policy of the imperial government."

This species of discontent arises almost inevitably where one power in a confederation of semi-independent States become dominant. When Austria was head of the German empire her conduct, although not as arbitrary as that of Prussia, caused Bavaria and others of the South German States to be her enemies, and, in fact, some of these voluntarily assisted the French in their first Napoleonic campaigns, in order to humble the pride of the Hapsburgs. It was not until the military occupation of the French, and the devastation of their wars, became insupportable that South Germany finally joined in the coalition against them. Now, Prussia is making the same mistake as that made by Austria, mainly through the imprudent policy of the Kaiser. History, sometimes at least, repeats itself.

THE RUSSIANS AND "GREAT SCOTT" OF OMAHA.

The gushy-gush "American" papers are continually dosing their readers with accounts of the apocryphal "friendship" of foreign despots for this free country and its government. There could not have been a more unprogressive despot than the late Alexander III of Russia, yet we have Americans, who ought to have better sense, giving him a good character. The latest eulogizer of the defunct Czar is Ex-Secretary of State J. W Foster, of whom the following is stated in a Washington dispatch, dated Saturday, Nov. 10:

"Ex-Secretary of State Foster was the only official guest at the memorial services to the Czar at the Russian Legation here yesterday, the honor being accorded to him because he had personally known Alexander III, having met him often while serving as United States minister to Russia in 1881-'82. It was at that time that Alexander II was assassinated, and Gen. Foster witnessed the exciting scene on that occasion and the subsequent pomp and ceremony with which the new Czar assumed power. As the representative of this country Gen. Foster took part in the funeral rites of the dead Czar and the festivities incident to the accession of the new ruler. On these and later occasions Gen. Foster met Alexander III, who frequently alluded to his friendship and admiration for America. Gen. Foster says the feeling of great friendship for America expressed by Alexander is shared throughout Russia from the highest down to the humblest peasant."

We don't know why this should be, as America is the social and political antithesis of Russia. Besides, we cannot imagine how the good Mr. Foster could find out the sentiments of 90,000,000 of Russians in regard to Uncle Sam. The Secretary is, no doubt, overcome with sorrow at the death of his imperial friend, and his great grief has led him to exaggerate. We don't know any reason why the Russians should admire us, unless they are acquainted with one Judge Scott, of Omaha, Neb., who has a habit of sending citizens to jail with a facility that might have made the late Czar envious. The following dispatch will explain itself:

"OMAHA, Neb., Nov. 10.—Judge Patrick O. Hawes, one of the most prominent of Omaha's attorneys, was jailed for fifteen days by Judge Scott today because he refused to practice before Scott. The court heard of it and sent for the attorney. A lady attending court remarked to her husband that the affair looked much more like the exercise of power than justice. Her remarks were reported to the court and she was at once fined."

This Scott must be a terrible man entirely. It is a scandal to place so much power in the hands of any little judicial tyrant, like this man Scott and then call America "a free country." Mr. Foster, after all, must be right. No wonder that the Russians admire us.

RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS' POEMS.

One of the most interesting books recently issued by the Irish press is a collection of the poems of Richard Dalton Williams ("Shamrock" of the old Dublin *Nation*) which has been given to the public by the enterprising publishing firm of James Duffy & Co., Dublin. Williams was born in the Irish capital on Oct. 8, 1822, but was mainly brought up at Grenanstown, county Tipperary, a romantically situated spot, not far from the banks of the river Nenagh, and about five miles from the picturesque town of that name. He studied at the Jesuit school of St. Stanislaus, Tullabeg, and afterward at Carlow College. His earliest training was received from the Rev. Father Meagher, prefect of St. Stanislaus, and uncle of the renowned Irish orator and American soldier, Thomas Francis Meagher. In 1843, he entered the Dublin School of Medicine and, in due time, graduated as a physician. He became a great favorite in Dublin cicles, and was a prominent member of that brilliant circle of patriots, which comprised such men as Thomas Davis, Charles Gavan Duffy, John Blake Dillon, Michael Doheny, John O'Hagan, Michael Joseph Barry, John E. Pigott, John Mitchel and many others whose names will live as long as Ireland lasts.

Williams was a poet who combined passion with sentiment, and humor with pathos. His "Munster War Song," which appeared in the "Repeal year" brings back "bold Tipperary" in all its pristine hope and vigor, thus:

The clangor of conflict o'erburdens the breeze
From the stormy Slievebloom to the stately Galtees;
Your caverns and torrents are peopled with gore,
Slievenamon, Glencoloo, and sublime Galteemore!

The Sunburst that slumbered, embalmed in our tears,
Tipperary! shall wave o'er thy tall mountaineers,
And the dark hill shall bristle with sabre and spear,
While one tyrant remains to forge manacles here!

And for sweet, loving sentiment what can exceed his charming "Adieu to Innisfail"?

Though glowing breasts may be
In soft vales beyond the sea,
Yet ever, gra machree,
Shall I wail
For the heart of love I leave
In the dreary hours of eve
On thy stormy shores to grieve,
Innisfail!

* * * * *

And when the final sigh
Shall bear my soul on high
As on chainless wing I fly
Through the blue,
Earth's latest thought shall be,
As I soar above the sea,
Green Erin, dear, to thee
Adieu!

His "Misadventures of a Medical Student" contain a vast proportion of genuine humor, and hit off to a nicety the "fashionable" Dublin of the middle of the century. Thus,

Come, somebody, and put me instantaneously to bed,
For Rosalind has cut me, this moment cut me dead,
In Merrion square she passed me, my skirt her flounces brushed,
She walked right on, and blast me if the girl as much as blushed!

* * * *

O Rosa! stony hearted, 'twas for thee my spirit cried
Till my comrades often started, while dissecting by my side;
For thee I've borne their sneering, with a spirit mild and meek
Tho' oft within my hearing thus derisively they speak:
"By Jove our comrade Doodle now is done completely brown
Follows Rosa like a poodle and hawks muslin through the town."
To the acme of endurance for thee I've tasked my mind
To raise by much assurance the metaphoric "wind"
For thee, to prove my passion, I'm squeezed almost to death,
Till, in agonies of fashion, I can scarcely draw my breath.
And oft, O Rosalinda, have I warbled all night long
Underneath thy chamber window, "Marble Halls" and "Lucy Long,"
And thou knowest, fair and cruel, to my sorrow be it told,
How long I lived on gruel, from these solos catching cold.

* * * *

Adieu! send back my letters, for a distant shore I'm bound,
Nota bene, let my debtors with my creditors compound.
But I'll interfere with neither, I should feel extremely loath,
To rub my skirts with either, they are vulgar rascals both.
Unshaved and misanthropical, I'll bury all my woes
In some region fiercely tropical, where duns ne'er show their nose;
With rifles double-barreled and a plentitude of bile,
Half Crusoe, half Childe Harold, I will seek some savage isle;
There, girt with nature's riches, from jilts and bailiffs free,
I shall reign, without a breeches, o'er the cockle bearing sea;
I will sympathize with mussels, and commune with honest whales,
They wear no lying bustles on their "round, unvarnished tails;"
In the labyrinthine cloisters of the rock enchalked Main
My soul shall pour on oysters love it poured on thee in vain.

For genuine pathos Williams' "Dying Girl" has hardly been excelled. The first stanza runs as follows:

From a Munster vale they brought her,
From the pure and balmy air,
An Ormond peasant's daughter
With blue eyes and golden hair—
They brought her to the city
And she faded slowly there,
Consumption has no pity
For blue eyes and golden hair.

This graceful and gifted poet, who was compelled to leave Ireland soon after the '48 troubles, in which he bore a manly part, and, arriving in this country, settled in the South, first in Alabama and afterwards at New Orleans and Baton Rouge. Finally he settled down in Thibodeaux, La., where he died of consumption on July 5, 1862. He left a widow and four children, two of whom survive.

When the Union army passed through Thibodeaux a few months after his death, they found the grave all but unmarked. The Irish soldiers among them purchased a beautiful monument of Carara marble and placed it above the poet's grave with the following inscription:

Sacred to the Memory of
RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS
The Irish Patriot and Poet
Who Died July 5, 1862, Aged 40 Years.
This Stone was erected by his Countrymen serving in Companies C and K, Eight Reg't N. H. Volunteers
As a slight Testimonial of their esteem for his unsullied patriotism and his exalted devotion to the cause of Irish Freedom.

LONDON'S IRISH LITTERATEURS.

The Irish Literary Society of London has moved into its new quarters at No. 8 Adelphi Terrace, Adams street, Strand, and held a house-warming on Wednesday evening Oct. 24. When the Society was first organized two years ago, the Hart mansion, in Bloomsbury square, was considered more than sufficiently large for its purposes; but the wonderful growth of the organization made it imperative that larger quarters should be obtained. Much fraternal feeling has been created among the Irish writers of England by the efforts of the society, and the plan of monthly entertainments has met with such success that it has been decided to still pursue the same course. On Wednesday, Oct. 31, a splendid lecture on "The Last Three Centuries of Irish Gaelic Literature" was delivered in the rooms of the Society of Arts, John street, Adelphi, by that talented Gaelic scholar, Dr. Douglas Hyde. The lecture which was an exceedingly able one, was well attended by a gathering of representative literary people, among whom were many whose names are well known in the realms of fiction and journalism. Mr. P. J. Kirwan, on Saturday, Nov. 10, delivered an address, "A Night With Goldsmith," at the Caledonian Hotel, Adelphi Terrace. It was the birthday of the famous poet, and appropriate recitations and musical selections were given by other members of the Society. Nearly all these entertainments are free to the members and their friends, and are doing a vast amount of good by popularizing the works of Irish authors of the past and encouraging those of the present.

There is a splendid programme of entertainments made up for the coming season. On Wednesday, Nov. 28, Mr. Alfred Nutt, the eminent folk-lorist, will give a lecture under the auspices of the Irish Literary Society in conjunction with the Folk-Lore Society in the drawing-room of the Caledonian Hotel. A dramatic and musical entertainment will be given on Wednesday, Dec. 19, and on Wednesday, Jan. 9. "A Plea for the Irish Tongue" will be the subject of a discourse by Mr. T. J. Flannery, the well-known Irish philologist, under whose direction the Gaelic classes of the Society have been formed and are working actively for the preservation of the ancient tongue. Sir Robert Ball will lecture on "Irish Astronomy" Wednesday evening, Feb. 20, and Dr. P. W. Joyce, the author of "Irish Names of Places" and other works will give an address on "Irish Music," which will be illustrated with vocal and instrumental selections. On Wednesday, April 24, Mr. R. Ashe King will entertain the Society with "Irish Humor, Classical and Colloquial." Irish History will come next in order on Wednesday, May 29, when Dr. George Sigerson of Dublin will take for his subject "The Danes in Ireland." Rev. Stopford Brooke will take up Irish mythology in "The Three Sorrows of Irish Story-Telling" on Wednesday, June 26. There will be many minor entertainments also during the season which are not outlined on the programme.

All of the entertainments are under the direction of the Home Reading Section of the Society, of which Miss Eleanor Hull is the secretary. This section of the Society has done a wonderful amount of work in stimulating the study of Irish literature and is publishing a quarterly magazine which is filled with choice papers by the best Irish special writers of the day.

ACCORDING to the completed canvass by the board of election commissioners, the Hon. Lawrence E. McGann was re-elected to congress. The figures completed give McGann a majority of 70 votes over Hugh R. Belknap, the Republican nominee.

MRS. MARY BYRNE, widow of Frank Byrne, the Irish patriot, died last week in her home in Providence, R.I., after a long and painful illness. Left in poverty, with two children to support, after her husband's death, the generous Irishmen of Providence raised a fund sufficiently large to provide for her wants. Mr. Joseph Banigan, the millionaire rubber manufacturer, sent Mrs. Byrne's boy to a school in Montreal and provided for the girl's education nearer home. The Ancient Order of Hibernians in Providence assisted at the deceased lady's funeral.

THE Mackays have carried the war against Prince Colonna into Italy. Millionaire Mackay's step-daughter, the wife of the Roman prince, is now residing in Naples. Here she will do battle before the judges of the courthouse for a legal separation from her husband, as well as for the guardianship of her children. This limit to her desires is explained by the fact that she cannot seek a divorce from her cruel and prodigal spouse, as she is a devout Catholic.

THE only appearance, Dec. 1, of the well known Irishman, Timothy Daniel Sullivan, M.P., ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin, will no doubt fill Central Music Hall to overflowing. Mr. Sullivan will deliver one of his best lectures, on "Scenes and Incidents in Irish Political Life."

ON the field of Waterloo a topaz, set in gold, was recently discovered bearing the arms, and motto of Viscount Barrington. It belonged to Ensign Barrington, who was killed at Quatre Bras, June 16, 1815. It had lain under the sward of that battlefield during almost eighty years. The ensign was a cousin of the famous Sir Jonah Barrington.

TUESDAY morning the Congress of Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration under the auspices of the Industrial committee of the Civic Federation, was opened in Willard Hall. Among those in attendance were Samuel Gompers, Prof. Graham Taylor, Prof. E. W. Bemis, Rev. Dr. J. H. Barrows, Prof. Albion W. Small, Judge Tuley, Congressman Springer, James J. Linehan, Miss Ada C. Sweet, Miss Jane Addams, Charles Henrotin, L. S. Coffin, J. B. Baker, M. J. Carroll, Joseph D. Weeks, Lyman J. Gage and many others. The congress lasted two days.

FRANKFORT MOORE, the author of the novel of the hour in London, "One Fair Daughter," is an Irishman, and was once on the editorial staff of a Dublin daily.

LADY SOPHIA CECIL, who is now 94 years old, is the last survivor of the dancers who assisted at the eventful ball at Brussels on the night before the battle of Waterloo. This entertainment is graphically described by Byron in his Childe Harold." Sophia Cecil is the daughter of the late Duchess of Richmond who gave the ball, and waltzed with the Duke of Brunswick who was killed next day at Quatre Bras.

JAPAN'S greatest field-marshal, who is at present engaged in leading an army of Japanese troops to Pekin, is a famous poet, whose reputation, however, is limited to the extent of the empire. His lyrics are redolent of the odor of the choicest wines, of the sweetest roses, of palm-tree and pine.

THE distinguished author of "Bogland Studies" and "Irish Idylls," Miss Jane Barlow, will bring out two new books during the coming season. They are both volumes of verse—"The End of Entintown" and "The Battle of the Frogs and Mice."

MR. OSCAR WILDE resembled Don Quixote, wearing, as he did, the eccentric costume of that Spanish cavalier, when he made his first appearance in the United States, as a lecturer, some ten years ago. He purposes at present to visit this land during the spring of next year with the object of reaping a harvest of dollars from American audiences on another lecturing tour. This time Oscar will be draped in a Prince Albert coat and a broadcloth vest and pants. His dainty feet will be encased in patent leather boots. A tall, silk hat will crown his intellectual head. It was on the occasion of his marriage to his wife that he was compelled to surrender forevermore to her keeping his Quixotic suit in return for her hand. Since then he dresses like any other citizen of the modern Babylon.

THE Scotch "noble" Lorne, the son-in-law of Mrs. Victoria Wettin, Sovereign of the British Empire, has become a librattist of an opera dealing with a Scottish legend of the days of Wallace. It contains three acts, and is set to music by a certain Mr. Homish McCann, a presumable composer of whose musical existence the musical world was hitherto ignorant. If Lorne's libretto turns out to be as dull as his mother-in-law's "Diary in the Highlands," it is sure to fall flat on English theatre-goers.

PROFESSOR O'GROWNEY.

The Noted Gaelic Scholar Now in the United States.

The Rev. Dr. Eugene O'Growney, who occupies the Gaelic chair in Maynooth College, Ireland, arrived in this country last week, whence he came in search of renewed health. He expects to spend the winter in California, and will probably stop over at some of the principal cities on his way to the Pacific coast. Already there is talk, among the patriotic men of the Gaelic language movement, of tendering this worthy exponent of the Irish language a fitting reception. He is a man of close study and deserves the highest praise from all members of the Irish race. Born near Athboy, county Meath, now about 30 years of age, the distinguished privilege of occupying the Gaelic chair in Maynooth College—a chair never before occupied—rests upon Father O'Growney's head. This brilliant Irish boy gave the Gaelic language a prominent place in his collegiate career. As a side issue far diverged from his various studies he paid particular attention to the neglected language of his fathers. During his summer vacations he hardly ever lost an opportunity to visit the West of his native land to imbibe more thoroughly the purer strains of Celtic lore. Mingling with the peasantry and making himself thoroughly at home in their midst, he studied to revive the decaying embers of the grand old language of our forefathers, and if God spares him no doubt he will greatly assist in making that language more widely known and better appreciated. Although delicate from boyhood, he has by persistent study become one of the most brilliant Irish scholars living. It is to be hoped that "the glorious climate of California" will give him the renewed vigor of which he is so much in need.

MANCHESTER MARTYRS.

The Twenty-Seventh Anniversary of Allen Larkin and O'Brien.

On Saturday, Nov. 24, the Irish Nationalists of Chicago will celebrate the twenty-seventh anniversary of the martyrdom of the dauntless young patriots of their fatherland, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, who were executed at Manchester, England, on Nov. 23, 1867.

An elaborate programme of very excellent musical and literary talent has been prepared for that occasion; and it is hoped and expected that Central Music Hall will be thronged to its utmost capacity by the friends and sympathizers of Irish nationality for which these young and heroic patriots sacrificed their lives. Following is the programme arranged:

Opening, Organ Solo.....Prof. Purcell
Piano Solo.....Prof. Purcell
Address, by the chairman.....P. H. Keenan
Alto Solo.....
Recitation—"The Muster of the North".....John Lane O'Connor
Song (Selected).....Miss McCaffrey
Recitation.....Miss Temple
Presentation of Irish Flag to Clan-na-Gael Battalion by staff of the *Irish Republic*.
Reading of Address.....J. J. O'Connell
Oration of the evening.....Hon M Kavanagh
Song, "The Memory of the Dead".....R. E. Hardie
Harp Solo.....Miss Gavin
Quartette—"Kathleen Mavourneen".....Russell Brothers
Song (Selected).....J. J. Phelan
Quartette, "The Star Spangled Banner".....
Song, "Come Back".....Mr. Murphy
Duet (Soprano and Alto).....
Song (Selected).....George Callaghan
Recitation, "Famine of '81".....Jos. P. Rafferty
Song, "There's Just as Good Men Come From Ireland Today".....John Drummy
"God Save Ireland".....Audience

OBITUARY.

MRS. ELLEN BURKE.

Mrs. Ellen Burke, wife of John Burke, of No. 190 Thirty-fifth street, died on Sunday, the 11th inst., after a long and painful illness. Mrs. Burke was a most estimable character, and beloved by all who knew her. The funeral took place from St. James' church on Wednesday morning, and was attended by many of the prominent Catholics of the city. The requiem mass was sung by his Grace Bishop Burke of St. Joseph, Mo., assisted by Fathers Swanson, Van Pelt, and Gilday of St. James church. A most eloquent sermon was preached by a reverend friend of the deceased. Many priests from other parishes were also in attendance. THE CITIZEN extends its heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Burke in his bereavement.

PARIS IN MOURNING FOR THE CZAR.

Overindulgence at the Table the Cause of the Emperor's Last Illness.

PARIS, Nov. 10.—The death of Czar Alexander III is still the principal subject of interest here. The streets look very picturesque. The boulavards are hung with flags draped in black and the florists' shops are full of wreaths designed for Russia. Some of these wreaths were ordered from St. Petersburg, thus showing how Paris maintains its place as the art center of the world.

Judging from the details now published of Emperor Alexander's death, it appears certain that his illness was due entirely to his fondness for the pleasures of the table. The Russian kitchen is particularly rich and the late emperor was addicted to eating inordinately of heavy soups, rich, greasy dishes and Russian delicacies, washing down great quantities of food with deluges of champagne and vodka (the whisky of Russia.) Add to this the fact that he seldom walked, took little exercise of any kind and was in the habit of spending a great part of the day sleeping, and the wonder is that he lived so long. Besides, he used daily to take a cold bath, which, unless followed by vigorous exercise, is very injurious in the Russian climate. Down to the very last the emperor persisted in self-indulgence. When his malady was first detected by a medical officer of the imperial yacht Polar Star, the emperor refused to believe the truth of the doctor's statement. But these things can be demonstrated, and at length the emperor was convinced, even made to promise to adopt a strict milk diet, foreswear the heavy Russian dishes and the delectable champagne. He kept his promise about a week, during which time his condition improved wonderfully—the percentage of sugar was diminished by half. But the emperor speedily concluded that life without his favorite dishes and drinks was not worth living, and broke out afresh. Some time later he was siezed with violent nervous fits, which warned and frightened him. He flew back to milk, but only for a short period. His life might have been saved had he consented to follow the doctors' instructions, but he never seriously believed his life was in danger until too late. When Dr. Leyden arrived he asked, in surprise: "Is my case really so desperate?"

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

The first general meeting of the Irish-American Lyceum was held at Columbia Hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted streets, on last Monday evening, when the following officers were elected for the coming year:

William Dillon, president; John J. Hanrahan, vice-president; Lawrence Heneley, treasurer; John J. Sherlock, secretary; Patrick F. Holden, Prof. J. J. McCarthy, Major McClure, board of censors.

Hood's Completely Cured.

"I had the grip about two years ago which left me with impure blood and caused red spots on my face. My friends told me to try a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have taken four bottles and am now entirely cured."—Miss Hannah Mielke, 3254 Rhodes avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills.

GAELIC POETRY.

Martan MacGiorra.

(O'Cearbhallán.)

Tá fáilte rómhainn uile; tá dá cheud air meisge,
Agus cúig ceud duine an lán ann.
'S gur b'aige bhí an feusta dob'fheárr bhí i n-Eirinn,
Bhí cócairidhe tréidhéach(1) ó'n Spáin ann.
Bhí cáca pidir deunta a raibh naoi d-tonna deug ann,
'S dar liom nior bh'fhéidir a cháineadh;
Bhí uaisle na h-Eireann, 's na Fraince le chéile ann,
Bhí an meud sin 'san bh-feusta 'd-teach Mhártain.

Bhí grosa(2) naoi mile do leacáin(3) an oidhche sin,
Gan easbhuidh gan aonadh air bórd ann;
'S naoi g-ceud sicin miosa i n-órdughadh ó'n ngriosaigh,
Bhí pann(4) a's trí fichid bruith feóil ann.
'S é an t-árd-fhleadh is tinne(5) do tháirla 'san g-cruinne;
Bhí ceolta d'á seinm le pléisiúr,
Uile-ghairdeas a's binneas, a's táipils(6) d'á h-imirt
Do'n áilecán(7) leanbh d'á breuga lh.

Air cheann an bhórd-eudain bhí cláiréoud a's *Genera*,
Uisge-beatha do'n t-saoghal a's beóir Márt' ann;
Ní raibh maith ins an meud sin gan fion dearg ó'n n-Gréig ann,
Agus "shrub"(8) má's sé b'fheárr le na sásadh.
Bhí mile buidéal ann, 'nna seasamh le chéile,
A's b'iomdha an pionnta 'gus cáirt ann;
Sgriostóiridhe na Fódhla thug daoirse air eórna
Air a h-oladh de bheoir i d-teach Mhártain.

Dul ins an ród do'n chuideachta mhódhamhuil,
Bhí cotnleóiridhe óir i ngach láimh leo;
Bhí cdig mile óigfhear 'nna n-órdughadh go rólach;—
Mo chreach! a's luaght béalaigh 'nna láthair.
Bhí Sighle d'á d-treórndh le crionacht a glórtha,
A's i feitheamh air mhór-chlanna' Gailda,
'Siad fidiléiridhe na Fódla thug daoirse air eórna,
Air a h-oladh de bheóir i d-teach Mhártain.

1. *Treidheach*—accomplished, polite.
2. *Grosa*—gross?
3. *Leacáin*—meaning obscure.
4. *Pann*—a pan.
5. *Tinne*—fattest; from *tin*, fat, stout.
6. *Toiplis*—the game of backgammon.
7. *Aileacan*—a toy.
8. *Shrub*—a kind of liquor.

IRISH NEWS.

DEATH OF JOHN BROPHY.

The news spread rapidly through the city on Thursday that Mr. John Brophy, of the Manor, had breathed his last on that morning. Not having heard of Mr. Brophy's illness, we, naturally, had little faith in the report, but on making inquiries, found that it was all too true. Mr. Brophy contracted a cold while out shooting sometime ago, and the attack completely undermining his constitution resulted at last in his lamentable demise. The death of this gentleman has naturally caused a great pang in the city to those who take a keen interest in rowing affairs. Mr. Brophy was a central figure in the Waterford Boat club for a number of years. In 1887-88-89 he stroked many crews to victory, capturing, among many other trophies, the Pembroke Cup, the Subscribers Cup, the Gray Cup and the Liffey Cup at Dublin; the Waterford Challenge Cup and the Urbs Intacta Challenge Cup at Waterford, and the Cork City Challenge Cup and other trophies at Cork. The W.B.C. was at a very low ebb until the crews for which Mr. John Brophy did such grand service appeared upon the scene. A capable athlete, a genial companion, and a most popular citizen generally has gone to his last repose. We feel very deeply, indeed, his loss. When Mr. Brophy, practically unknown in the the boat club, was looked upon by the rowing men as of small account, we took the bow oar with him in a pair oared scratch race, and actually succeeded in winning the laurels of victory. Many a time and oft has the deceased gentleman recalled the incident to our minds. We are grieved, indeed, that Providence should have deemed it wise to take him from this world of care at a comparatively early age. To Mrs. Brophy and the young members of his family we tender our deepest sympathy. —*Waterford News, Oct. 27.*

DROWNED IN TRALEE BAY.

Seven young men from the neighborhood of Fenit went on a boating excursion to Camp on Sunday, Oct. 14, and left the latter place at six o'clock in the evening for home. The following evening the canoe which they took with them was found ashore at Garrahies, at the Camp side of the bay. No trace of the men has been found, and it is feared they have all been drowned. From particulars to hand it appears that eight young men, named James Parker and John Sayers, farmers' sons; John Griffin, Tim Crowley, Mike McCarthy and Batt Stack, fishermen, and Mike Sheehy, laborer, Kilmoyley, left Fenit and reached Camp, where they spent the day. With the exception of Stack, who came home by another boat, the party proceeded to Derrymore to convey Sayers to his father's house, and nothing has been seen or heard of them since.

EVICTED TENANT RETAKES POSSESSION.

Patrick Harken has retaken possession of his farm on property of F. W. Crowe, Jr., at Ballymaka, from which he was evicted in 1889. For the last five years Harken has resided with his wife and nine children in a hut, which was kindly put up for the shelter of the family by Mr. Patrick J. Morrissey. Harken made several offers of settlement with the landlord, which were rejected, and finding that the evicted tenants bill was a thing of the past, and losing all confidence in the promises of the Whigs, he determined to retake possession and trust to the good will of the landlord to come to a favorable settlement. The farm was grazed since the eviction by the land corporation, whose caretaker was guarded by two police until two years ago, when the protection was withdrawn and the farm allowed to lie derelict. Harken owed only three years' rent, and received no relief from the land court. The house is now without doors or windows.

TESTIMONIAL FOR THE FAMILY OF MR. THOMAS O'GORMAN.

We are glad to see that a public testimonial has been started for the family of the late Mr. Thomas O'Gorman in his native city of Limerick. Mr. O'Gorman during his lifetime was a most unselfish and enthusiastic worker in the cause of amnesty and of nationality. The personal sacrifices made by him can scarcely be estimated properly by those outside his own circle, and it is satisfactory to see that his heroic services are not unappreciated in the city in which he was born and which was the scene of his labors. Thomas O'Gorman was not a man of riches by any means, and the little he could spare beyond his family expenses was ever at the disposal of the National cause. It is, therefore, but just and fitting that the Nationalists of Limerick should take upon themselves to provide in some suitable manner that his unselfish services and sacrifices should not be forgotten or unrewarded, even after his death, and that his family should not be allowed by them to go wholly unprovided for. He was with truth called the "Father of Amnesty" in Limerick, and the monetary sacrifices made by him during his life in the cause which he had so deeply at heart will be keenly felt by those of his family who survive him. The meeting held in Limerick, under the presidency of the worthy mayor, is a guaranty that his unselfish devotion and sacrifices will not be allowed to go unrewarded. Sincere Nationalists all over Ireland, and those in particular who have the cause of amnesty at heart, will welcome this opportunity of testifying to the respect and esteem in which the name of so devoted a worker is held. Every man in Ireland who appreciates unselfishness and devotion in the pursuit of National ideals will send his mite to the testimonial in aid of the family of brave Tom O'Gorman.—*Independent.*

SAD DEATH AT BALLINASLOE.

A sad fatality occurred at Ballinasloe a few days ago. A poor woman named Mary Morrissey was asleep in a room over a publican's store which had taken fire and was almost suffocated before she was discovered. In an hour after she had been removeed in an exhausted and insensible condition, she died.

"CISSIE LOFTUS" RECEIVES A BLESSING.

Mr. and Mrs. Justin Huntly McCarthy received communion at St. Mary's, Westminster, on Tuesday morning fortnight, from the hands of Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., who has been instrumental in making their marriage in all points right in the presence of the Catholic church. After the mass Father Vaughan pronounced a blessing upon the married pair, and subsequently, accompanied by Mr. Justin, M. P., and Miss McCarthy, they went to Archbishop House, where Father Vaughan presented them to his brother, the cardinal, who wished them every happiness and gave the party his blessing.

ROSSINA'S VISIT TO ENNIS.

It will be remembered the outburst of public indignation that arose against the Ennis town commissioners in June last, on the occasion of O'Donovan Rossa's visit, when, at a special meeting, a majority of that body refused to allow the use of the town hall for a lecture by him on his prison life, on the plea that it would have a political bearing, but the people were not disposed to submit to such an encroachment on their liberty, and through the instrumentality of the preceding agent of the "Bonny Boy Blue" company, who had engaged the hall for the following week, and happened to have the key in his pocket, the door was unlocked, quiet and peaceable possession taken, the lecture delivered to a large and enthusiastic audience and the entire proceedings carried out without the slightest approach to tumult and disorder. However, that course did not harmonize with the views of the dominant party, who felt their authority set at defiance and their dignity trifled with. Another special meeting was forthwith summoned, the unsuspecting caretaker put through a crucial examination, and civil proceedings ordered to be taken against the first four persons whom he saw entering through the open door. These are Messrs. Denis McInerney, James Spellicy, Michael Carmody and Daniel Egan. Accordingly the board's solicitor, Mr. Wm. Healy, has within the last couple of days issued civil bills in the county court against the defendants each and several, for the sum of £10, the cause of action being set out in the following terms: "That the defendants, on the 17th day of June, 1894, with force and arms, broke and entered a close of the plaintiffs' called the town hall, situate in Jail street, Ennis, in said county of Clare, and there forced and broke open a door of the plaintiffs' and admitted a crowd into said premises, and held a meeting and made speeches in said premises against the will of said plaintiffs." A strange coincidence in connection with the affair was that the agent referred to happened to be a man of color, born in New York, and knew Rossa personally. A large share of public interest will be centered in the case when it comes on for hearing at the approaching quarter sessions, inasmuch as an opinion was given by an eminent Q. C., the late Mr. Wm. Uxam, when sitting in Ennis, a few years back, as the chairman of the municipal boundaries commission, that the ratepayers have an unquestionable right to the use of their town hall for any legitimate purpose.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Royal Dragoons stationed in Dublin are suffering from an outbreak of typhoid fever.

At Henry street, Limerick, on the 29th ult, an old woman named Jane Fitzgerald, aged 75 years was accidentally burned to death.

The Ballinasloe town commissioners are contemplating a scheme of waterworks for the town.

The death is announced of Mr. P. B. Keogh, coroner for the county Carlow, which took place at his residence, Orchard, Leighlinbridge. He was a staunch follower of Mr. Parnell, and one of his firmest supporters during the trying period of 1891.

There seems to be an alarming spread of rabies in Tipperary at present. Several persons and a great number of cattle, horses, pigs, donkeys and other animals have recently been bitten by rabid dogs. In the vicinity of Nenagh over a dozen dogs have been shot that showed symptoms of hydrophobia.

On the evening of Oct. 24 a very successful reunion in commemoration of the eightieth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Davis, and of the foundation of the Young Ireland party, was held in the National Club, Rutland square, Dublin, under the auspices of the Yound Ireland League. Mr. John O'Leary presided.

Essence of an Oath.

A curious and interesting incident, having regard to the position of the parties, occurred at the sitting of the Royston county court on Thursday, before his Honor Judge Bagshawe. A defendant asked if the testament offered to him to take the oath upon was a Protestant testament, because if it was he must decline to be sworn upon it. His Honor: Why, won't that do as well as a Catholic testament? Defendant: I am not bound by a Protestant bible. His Honor: I should be sorry to say so, and I am a Catholic. Defendant: And do you recognize the Pope as your chief? His Honor: Yes, certainly; and I think I am a Catholic of greater experience than you. My family are Catholics and my brother is a Catholic bishop. I should be sorry to refuse to take the oath upon a Protestant bible, and unless it was true I should be committing perjury in doing so. The essence of the oath is an appeal to Almighty God, and the words "so help me God" are words which we, as Catholics, as well as Protestants, know the value of. The defendant appeared quite satisfied to follow an example from such an unexpected quarter, and at once kissed the book and proceeded to give evidence.—*Ex.*

CATHOLIC CHARITY BALL.

The annual Catholic charity ball will be held on Thanksgiving eve in the First Regiment Armory, Michigan avenue and Sixteenth street. It will be under the auspices of the Catholic Women's League and will be the most attractive social event ever given by the Catholic people of Chicago. It also promises to be a great financial success. The proceeds of last year's ball sustained three soup houses, relief stations, day nurseries and free kindergartens. Thus far the demands have been very great, and the treasury will need to be well filled for the coming hard winter. Neither creed nor color is taken into consideration in the distribution of these charities, and for this reason a strong appeal is made to the public to aid in this worthy work. The following are the committees and patronesses:

PATRONESSES.

Mesdames C. H. Harrison, Washington Hesing, J. Donersberger, Peter Smith, D. B. Scully, A. Cummings, James E. Baggot, M. J. Russell, W. A. Amberg, D. F. Bremner, M. Shutler, A. Snowhook, W. Henneberry, D. P. Henrotin, C. Coldwell, M. Pincoffs, John Dodle, M. D. Kelly, John C. Carroll, William Nelson, Sarah Shields, T. R. Melody, C. A. Dupee, L. Huck, A. Hawschurlt, Z. P. Brosseau, R. A. E. Crofton, John S. Cooke, Emilia Rogan, M. Cudahy, M. Mulligan, J. Prindiville, J. H. Amberg, C. A. Plamondon, W. F. Mahoney, Mary J. Rice.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

Messrs. D. F. Bremner, Z. P. Brosseau, M. A. Donohue, H. R. Eagle, Martin Kelly, Thomas Moran, T. Gahan, David Sullivan, L. M. Ennis, P. J. Healy, D. R. Scully, John Guerin, P. J. O'Keefe, John Cudahy, P. H. Rice, T. Brennan, C. P. Caldwell, Richard Clifford, Judge Gibbons, R. A. E. Crofton, M. W. Kerwin, M. J. Russell, John Gaynor, John S. Cooke, W. P. Rend, Washington Hesing, F. W. Young, J. M. Smyth, P. T. Barry, Michael Cudahy, E. O. Brown, P. Cleary, F. T. Colby, M. Kavanaugh, T. Judd, A. Cummings, J. B. Murphy, P. Cavanaugh, W. A. Amberg, J. Donnersberger, D. J. Gallery, A. Plamondon, T. Mullaney, G. Franchere.

FLOOR COMMITTEE.

Messrs. W. Gallagher, T. J. Kelly, W. Fuller, F. W. Tobin, J. P. McMahon, E. Murphy, P. H. Welch, S. T. A. Loftus, N. Downey, J. F. McGrath, E. Baggot, A. Plamondon, J. E. Holland, Frank Sullivan, James McShane, J. F. Downey, J. L. Gerry, W. D. Munhall, Edward Long, W. C. Graham, R. Jefferson, W. Kinsella, W. A. Ebbert, John McAvoy, E. M. Keeley, David Revell, H. Treacy, J. J. Kinsella, W. Simpson, C. G. Malon, H. J. Powers, W. V. Gallery, James Crennan, W. L. Schaub, L. Ennis, N. J. Nelson, J. E. Murphy, Owen Trainor, Thomas Wade, J. E. Ellwood, E. F. Kennedy, Dr. Collins, Henry Northrop, E. Guerin, W. H. Allen, N. Cusson, W. E. Brent, J. H. Higgins, T. J. Waters, John Cremen, F. Walls, W. F. Carroll.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Mesdames P. J. O'Keeffe, M. J. La Bonnbe, David Sullivan, W. E. Gallagher, J. B. Sullivan, John O'Malley, C. P. Plamondon, J. W. Niles, Misses Gaynor.

GALLERY.

The sale of tickets has already been much greater than was expected.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years it was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore it requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

The Monument to the Prince Imperial Stolen.

The *Natal Times* says: The monument which was erected by the queen to the memory of the late prince imperial on the spot where he met with his tragic death has been stolen. The monument took the form of a cross, and bore the following inscription:

This cross is erected by Queen Victoria in affectionate remembrance of Napoleon Eugene Louis Jean Joseph, prince imperial, to mark the spot where he, while assisting in a reconnaissance with the British troops on the 1st of June, 1879, was attacked by a party of Zulus, and fell with his face to the foe.

A reward of £50 has been offered.

ONE HUNDRED DRINKS PER YEAR.

Americans are accounted a fairly sober people in the hurlyburly of nations, but the figures of the internal revenue commissioner for the last year are enough to make a temperance crank stagger without a drop of whisky or beer, says the Atlanta *Constitution*. We distilled last year 87,346,884 gallons of liquor, not including 1,430,353 gallons of brandy, making in all 88,787,187 gallons of alcoholic spirits. Expert bartenders estimate sixty-three drinks to the gallon. Therefore there were 5,604,062,891 drinks produced in this country. A conservative estimate of how much was imbibed across counters is about 37,000,000 gallons of whisky, brandy and other distilled spirits, or in other words we drank 6,090,000,000 glasses of whisky, for which we paid over the bar $609,000,000, or $5,000,000 more than all the annual appropriations of congress combined. This represents a consumption of 100 glasses of whisky each year for every man, woman and child between the rock-bound Pacific and the stormtossed Atlantic, or, counting only the male adults, 500 glasses per week each. Of beer the figures are equally astounding. The consumption was 31,962,943 barrels; that is 12,785,169,200 glasses, representing the expenditure for this mode of Teutonic hilarity of $617,258,400, or about 10 cents for each inhabitant. In the neighborhood of 220 glasses are charged up in this calculation against each of us as our annual allowance. Therefore, if we do not average our daily glass we may be sure that our neighbors are getting the benefit of our abstinence. By estimating this year's internal revenue receipts from spirits on the basis of last year's product, with the increased tax of $1.10 per gallon, the internal revenue receipts will be $97,674,905.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 *Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

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is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send two stamps for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDDY, Registered Pharmacist, Lancaster, Pa. No Postals Answered. For sale by all first-class druggists everywhere. Peter Van Schaack & Sons, Rob't Stevenson & Co.; Morrison, Plummer & Co., and Lord, Owen & Co., Wholesale Agents, Chicago, Ill.

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but ride inside of the Electric-Lighted and Steam-Heated Vestibule Apartment trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and you will be as warm, comfortable and cheerful as in your own library or boudoir. To travel between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis or between Chicago, Omaha and Sioux City, in these luxuriously appointed trains is a supreme satisfaction; and, as the somewhat ancient advertisement used to read, "for further particulars see small bills." Small bills (and large ones also) will be accepted for passage and sleeping-car tickets by all coupon ticket agents. For detailed information address George H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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It will pay your passage from Chicago to New York over the Erie lines, in as comfortable a car as any one could ask for, and on a train that runs through solid without change. If you are thinking of going East, or bringing friends from there, or from the old country West, it will pay you to write to, or call on F. W. Buskirk, the Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Erie, whose office is 605 Western Union building, Chicago. It is a sure thing that he can save you money.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

THE CENTURY IN 1895.

Taking advantage of the general revival of interest in the Great Emperor, The Century will print during 1895

A NEW LIFE OF

NAPOLEON

Magnificently Illustrated.

The Century is famous for its great historical serials, and never in its history has a greater one been projected than this new "Life of Napoleon," written by Prof. William M. Sloane, of Princeton, who has spent many years in preparation for his work. Thus far no biography of "the man of destiny" has appeared in either English or French that is free from rancor and attentive to the laws of historical criticism. The Century has secured it—the great, all-round, complete and interesting history of the life of one of the most marvellous of men. No matter how much you already know of Napoleon, you will want to read this;—here is the concentration of all the lives and memoirs. The illustrations will be magnificent—the wealth of The Century's art department will be lavished upon them. Two members of the staff have just returned from Paris, where they have been securing all that is best of Napoleonic material. New portraits will be printed, great historical paintings reproduced, and Castalgue and other modern artists have drawn anew some of the great scenes of Napoleon's life for this history.

In addition to this there will be

A NEW NOVEL BY

Marion Crawford.

The title is "Casa Braccio," and it is a romance of Italy, full of human passion and exciting episode.

A NAW NOVEL BY

Mrs. Burton Harrison

will be published during the year. It is called "An Errant Wooing," and is a tale of wandering (and love) among new scenes of travel in Northern Africa and Southern Spain.

Other Features

will be several familiar papers on "Washington in Lincoln's Time," by Noah Brooks, who was on terms of unusual intimacy with the War President; "The Cathedrals of France," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, with illustrations by Joseph Pennell. Many more serials will be announced later.

Rudyard Kipling

contributes his First American Story to the December number of The Century.

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Didst ever live?
Didst ever look into a half ope'd flower
And note the beauty welling forth
Until it filled your soul's whole world,
As will the wondrous northern light,
That, flowing to the zenith's point,
Fulfills the skies—a grand and glorious maze?

Didst ever list a bird's sweet lay
Until the joy,
Pervading it,
Seemed part of your own inmost self?

Didst ever gaze into your true love's eyes
Until you dreamed of moonlit groves,
Beneath some soft and southern sky,
Where you and she were all the world,
And nightingales with harps æolian vied
To reproduce in sound your ecstasy?

Didst ever list the organ's tones
Until it seemed
Your soul was bounding shore
Of some great sea of sound
And lay like sands outstretched,
With great waves breaking o'er,
And then receding in a thousand purls?
Didst ever watch the summer tempest pass
And drink the rolling notes
Until your spirit beat in unison
And gloried in the song?

Didst ever let your soul up leap
Into the starry sky
And try to mold the universe
Into one thought sublime,
And when it seemed the deed was done,
Seized by your carnal self,
Fall groveling back to earth?
Didst ever live?

—M. Ruhtra Sellow.

A SEA MYSTERY.

In the year 1860 I sailed in the ship Sultan, a vessel of 780 tons burden, from the port of Liverpool, bound round the Horn to Valparaiso with a valuable general cargo. The captain was a man named Jonas Jortin. I, who went in her as chief mate, am named William Fletcher.

We carried no second officer. Often it happened in those days that even big ships sailed with what is termed an "only mate," who was supposed to comprise in himself all that was to be expected in the shape of duty and knowledge from a first and second officer.

As I, however, held no certificate as "only mate," I signed as chief, and the boatswain, a man named Benjamin Matthews, took the working part of second mate under me—that is, he relieved me when my watch was up, walked the decks and trimmed sail at his discretion. But he took no part in the navigation of the ship. Indeed I doubt if he knew what a sextant was, and I am not sure that he could read or write.

Captain Jortin was a tall, lean, long faced man, with so remarkable a fall of chin that his mouth seemed to be placed almost exactly in the middle of his face. His skin was yellow. He had followed the sea for many years, but the flesh of his cheeks reflected nothing of the glow and bronze of sun and weather.

His eyes were of a dead black, like an East Indian's, without animation in their glance and slow in their motions.

I had been struck by the figure he made when I first boarded the ship in the docks. Nothing could less correspond with the traditional notions of the old salt, with purple nose and bow legs, eyes deep sunk by peering to windward and a stormy voice broken by years of drink and bawling, than this master of the ship Sultan, buttoned up as he was in a coat of a clerical cut, his black hair smeared smooth, as though his head was painted, limp, stick up collars and long, square toed Wellington boots.

All went well with us till we had gone clear of the northeast trade wind and struck the "humbugging" parallels, as they are called, where you get sheet calms with a wide ocean white as a level icefield, then faint drafts crawling up in the direct line of the ship's course, painting the burnished surface with darkling shadows like huge marine spiders creeping down from the edge of the horizon. I think our latitude was between 8 and 10 degrees north when what I am going to tell you about happened.

It was the second dog watch, the hour about half past 6. The ship's yards were braced well forward, and she was rippling along to the pressure of a three knot breathing of air, coming hot as steam from out of the glowing pavilions of the west.

It was sickeningly close, with the menace of an electric storm in a delicate winking of violet dumb lightning away down in the southeast, where the shadow of the night was gathering, with a large star already trembling low down over the sea right abeam.

A fiddle was going upon the forecastle head. A sailor was chanting a ditty to the tune. Most of the ship's company were listening, lounging about the cathead and against the rail, pipes in mouth. Their open shirts disclosed their mossy breasts, their legs were bare to the knee for the comfort of the coolness, and their bedewed faces reflected the angry red in the west as though every man had oiled himself.

The captain was walking aft alone, measuring a space of the deck from abreast of the wheel and something forward of the mizzen rigging. His gait was that of a man in a funeral procession—stiff, solemn, self conscious.

He had not been on deck above half an hour, and in that time had not once addressed me. Not indeed that there was anything strange in this. Mates and captains seldom converse at sea.

The master lives a life apart, and this spirit of isolation possesses the mates, insomuch that I have met officers who declared to me that throughout a round voyage running into a couple of years they scarcely exchanged more than routine sentences and messages of duty with the shipmates aft from the first hour of their getting their anchor to the final hour of their letting it go.

But even had Captain Jortin been sociably disposed he was not a sort of man I could have got on with. No one with the weight of a grievous sin upon his soul could be more melancholy and austere, more abrupt and reserved.

Matthews, the boatswain, thought to explain the man by telling me he had heard before we sailed that he had lost his wife and only daughter within a week after his return from his last voyage, but the captain never mentioned the subject, nor could I satisfy myself that there was any suggestion of mourning in that way either in his clothes or his behavior.

I had charge of the ship this dog watch and was standing at the head of the starboard poop ladder listening to the music forward. Suddenly the steward came out of the cabin under the cuddy front and looked for a moment eagerly up at me with a white face.

I called down, "What is it?" interpreting his expression of fear into something wrong. He came half way up the ladder and said:

"Some one's been trying to scuttle the ship, I think. I can hear water running in 'twixt the wall and the lining in the after cabin in the steerage."

I instantly ran aft and repeated the man's statement to the captain. He looked at me steadfastly with his grave, funeral black eyes and exclaimed in a dull, slow way:

"Scuttle! Nonsense, sir! Who would commit such a crime aboard this ship? Go below with the steward and report what you hear and see."

I was astonished by his cool reception of a piece of news that, whether the steward was mistaken or not, must be charged with significance even in the lightest, most careless whisper of it.

I straightway descended the companion steps, and the steward followed me by way of the cuddy front. We entered the steerage, a part of the hold under the saloon or cabin deck. Four cabins were bulkheaded off on either hand. They were now used mainly as storerooms. In their day they had been stocked with passengers, for the Sultan was an old ship, and 15 years earlier than the date of this story had not been without renown as a brisk, comfortable, roomy "liner," with regular sailings from Blackwall for Australian ports.

We entered the after cabin on the port side and stood listening. A small heave of swell ran through the lightly wrinkled sea. Sounds of the straining of cargo in the hold were audible, and you heard now and again the sudden shock and jar of the huge rudder turning with the swell, then sharply arrested by its gear. But there was no need to hearken long.

In a minute or two I distinctly heard a fountainlike running of water. It was nearly dark. I bade the steward jump for a light. He returned with a lantern, and on throwing the light against that part of the lining or inner wall whence the trickling noise proceeded I instantly discovered two auger holes neatly plugged.

"Good mercy!" I shouted in a sudden fright. "The ship has been holed and will be sinking under our feet as we stand here."

I told the steward to remain in the cabin with the lantern and rushed on deck, shouting for the carpenter to lay aft. While Shirley was coming I reported what I had seen to the captain, who stiffened himself with a dramatic start of surprise.

Muttering in a low, solemn, preaching voice: "Is it possible? Who has done such a thing?" he went below with more alacrity than I had ever before witnessed in him.

I hastily explained the steward's discovery to the carpenter, who rushed forward to his tool chest. He came along quickly with the boatswain, and we three went below, where we found the captain in a listening posture, viewing the plugged holes by the light of the lantern he held.

The carpenter quickly whipped the plugs out, and sure enough in the outer side or wall of the ship were two holes through which the brine was gushing with a diamondlike flash in the lantern light as the streams arched betwixt the outer wall and the inner skin, slowly filling the hold.

The holes were promptly plugged and the well sounded. Two feet of water was made. The pumps were manned and presently sucked, proving all tight and well with the auger holes.

There was an ominous growl of wonder and temper among the men as they plied the brakes or stood near, waiting to relieve the pumping gang. The captain called me and asked if I had any suspicion.

"None, sir," I answered. "I can't imagine any man aboard capable of so diabolical a crime."

He took several turns, lost in thought. I see him now, pacing abreast of me, skewered up in a sort of frock coat, hands behind him, figure erect.

The dusk had gathered around. The sky was full of brilliant stars, a hovering sheet of prisms and crystals, with a scar of young moon in the west and a great play of lightning down upon our port quarter. Presently the captain stopped and addressed me afresh, but our talk led to no other conclusion than this—that some one aboard had attempted to scuttle the ship.

All hands passed a very restless night. Captain Jortin was incessantly up and about. During the middle watch, which was mine, his shadowy figure was repeatedly shaping itself out of the companion hatch and flitting in a ghostly fashion about the deck.

I had some earnest conversation with the boatswain and carpenter, but none of us could make head nor tail of this piece of rascality nor in the dimmest degree conjecture who was the villain who had attempted the atrocious act.

I went below at eight bells—that is, at 4 o'clock in the morning—first taking care to go the rounds of the after part of the ship, very carefully looking into each cabin and peering and listening. Somehow I had a fancy that there might be a stowaway on board, intent on a criminal purpose, in league, for all I knew, with some one interested in the vessel to defraud the underwriters. Seeing and hearing nothing, I withdrew to my berth and turned in.

I slept soundly, and at 8 o'clock turned out and went on deck. The first person I met was the boatswain, Matthews. He said to me, "The captain seems to have made up his mind, sir."

"On what?"

"As to the man who's holed the ship."

"Have they discovered him?"

"Jackson's in irons. That's all I can say, sir," he answered, with a singular expression of incredulity and temper in his face.

Just then the captain came out of the cuddy, and Matthews went forward.

"Mr. Fletcher," said Captain Jortin, beckoning me to him and speaking in a low, level, preaching voice, "we shall be able to prove that Jackson's the man who attempted to scuttle the ship.

"Indeed?" said I, vastly astonished. Jackson was an able seaman in my watch. I had always found him a respectable, willing, alert sailor. "What in that man has excited your suspicion, sir?"

"I heard him muttering the other day," said he, "when he was at work on a sail stretched along this poop. Every time I passed he glanced askance at me and muttered. I don't like the man's looks. He has a hanging face. Then again yesterday afternoon he was observed to go forward as though he was just come out of the cuddy."

"Who saw this, sir?"

"It's so," he answered abruptly with a short, spiritless stare at me and then stepped to the binnacle. In the course of that morning I asked the steward if it was true the man Jackson had been seen to walk out of the cuddy. He answered that, happening to come up through the steerage hatch, he had seen Jackson going forward close from the cuddy front as though the man had just stepped from the cuddy itself.

"Well, but," said I, "you were in the steerage, and had he been there with an auger you'd have seen him, wouldn't you?"

"I don't think it was him that did it," said the man.

I looked hard at him, for, to be sure, if the thing was not the work of a stowaway—of some one hidden in the steerage—it must at least be the act of a person living aft with access without suspicion to the cabins.

Well, nothing happened for three days after this. Then, as I well remember, it being a very beautiful, glowing forenoon watch, the wind a light breeze right aft, and the ship swaying upon the delicate pulse of swell with scarce more than steerage way on her, the carpenter came from the pumps, where he had been sounding the well, and standing under the break of the poop, with the sounding rod in his hand, called up to me:

"There's three foot of water in the hold, sir!"

The steward was on the main deck when this was said and instantly ran into the cuddy. The captain was walking aft. I bawled the news to him, and added that if the ship had not been scuttled afresh she had sprung a leak.

He told me to call the carpenter on to the poop, and just then the steward, white as a sheet, came rushing up the companion steps, crying out as he sprang through the hatch that he could hear the water running into the ship in the same cabin where the holes had before been discovered.

The captain ran below as swiftly as his stiff, angular figure would permit. I and the boatswain and carpenter and steward followed. On entering the cabin we immediately heard a loud noise of cascading waters.

It was high morning, and there was plenty of light. This time the would be scuttler had given himself as little trouble as possible. He had simply knocked out the plugs from the ship's side, leaving the holes in the skin open.

The carpenter rushed forward for tools and a broom handle to serve as plugs. Once again the leak was stopped, and, as on the former occasion, on returning on deck the pumps were manned and the hold freed from water.

But now the sailors grumbled furiously. First they insisted on Jackson being released, next on the ship being narrowly searched.

From 10 o'clock till four bells in the afternoon watch we were employed in overhauling the vessel. We probed every nook and cranny of her from the forepeak to the lazaret, diligently seeking likewise for any signs of a hidden man in the steerage. All to no purpose. The villain, whoever he was, must certainly be one of the ship's company.

For my part, I suspected the steward, and so did Shirley, the carpenter. Matthews did not know what to think. The captain stalked apart, gloomy and silent.

That evening in the first dog watch I was in my cabin smoking a pipe, turning over in my mind some scheme for protecting our lives by stationing a watch day and night aft, and wondering if Captain Jortin would see his way to some arrangement of this sort, when the steward knocked on my cabin door and walked in.

The fellow addressed me civilly, with an air of reluctance and astonishment.

He said Captain Jortin had just given him instructions to lock me up in my cabin, where I was to consider myself as under arrest on suspicion of attempting to scuttle the ship. My meals would be served regularly. "I'm sorry, sir," added the fellow, "to have to do this duty."

So saying, he closed and locked the door, and I heard him withdraw the key.

I sprang from my bunk, put my pipe down and stood overwhelmed with surprise and consternation. To be merely suspected of such a crime was to be professionally ruined.

I thought the captain must be mad to lock me up without first charging me. Why did not he confront me and accuse me in the presence of others and give me a chance to prove my innocence? Those holes had been bored by an auger. An auger is a tool not very readily concealed in a small cabin. Why had not the captain caused my berth to be searched?

Since I knew that I was an innocent man I cannot express how great were my grief and wrath as I paced the deck of my cabin that was now my prison, wondering with a burning heart and with throbbing brows who the real offender could be; whether it was indeed the steward, as I now perhaps in my temper was the more willing to suppose; whether, if the ship was actually sunk under our feet, as was threatened by the mysterious villain who had twice subtly sought to drown her hold, the crew would remember that I lay a helpless prisoner locked up in my berth?

I think it was about half past 8 when the steward unlocked the door and entered with a tray of food, some cold water and a few gills of rum in a pannikin.

He seemed very shy in his manner and was for making haste. I bade him tell the captain I was an innocent man and begged for an interview. He promised to deliver my message.

"And I will ask you," said I, "to remember should they sound the well and find the ship taking water that I am locked up here and helpless."

He said, "Aye, aye, sir," and left the cabin, turning and withdrawing the key as before.

Captain Jortin did not come near me. All that night I lay awake. All next day I awaited a visit from him with consuming impatience. Nobody came to me but the steward, who thrice in the day brought me a meal.

On the evening of the third day of my imprisonment I was startled out of a nap by a disturbance in the cuddy outside. I heard a tramp of feet and the growling sound of seamen's voices. I thought a mutiny had happened and listened with my heart beating hard in my ears.

Presently my door was struck upon and the handle violently tried. Then the voice of Matthews bawled for the steward to bring the key. In a few minutes the door was flung open.

Matthews stood in the doorway. At least two-thirds of the ship's company were massed around about him.

"Come out, sir," said the boatswain. "We've discovered who's been trying to sink the ship."

"Who?"

"As I live to tell yer, it's the captain himself!" cried Matthews, bringing his right fist into the palm of his left hand with a mighty report.

Half a dozen voices wanted to deliver the yarn at once. I got it clearly from the carpenter, but I was thunderstruck while I listened.

Half an hour before this time the steward had observed the captain come out of his berth and enter the steerage. There was something strange in his walk and aspect. The flush of the sunset was upon the skylight. The steward saw very plainly.

The captain concealed something that resembled a large parcel under the breast of his coat. The steward resolved to follow him, saw him go into the cabin where the auger holes had been bored, and by the very faint light in that interior observed him produce an auger from under his coat and apply the tool to the plugged orifices. The extraordinary part was that the motions of the captain were those of an automaton.

The steward fled on deck. The boatswain was in charge of the ship. He shouted to some of the crew to follow him as witnesses, and they rolled in a body into the steerage, where they found the captain coolly and mechanically boring away with his auger.

They seized him, and now it was they discovered, so they said, that the man was acting in his sleep.

This at least was the opinion of those who witnessed his behavior when he was seized. He cried out like one violently awakened and swore he did not know where he was nor what he was doing. The men conveyed him to his cabin, locking him up in it, and then came to me.

To end this singular experience, the crew insisted upon my taking command and practically forced me to navigate the vessel to Buenos Ayres. They would not suffer me to free the captain, who they feared would serve them some diabolical trick if I gave him his liberty.

As for him, he solemnly declared over and over again to me that he knew not what he had done, and that he had a trick of walking in his sleep.

On the arrival of the ship I went to the British consul with my report, and he thought proper to take charge of Captain Jortin with a view of sending him to England in a British man-of-war that was then lying at Buenos Ayres. The consul shook his head when I talked of sleep walking. He said:

"He must have brought the auger aboard with him. It formed no part of the carpenter's tool chest. Next the ship was scuttled in daylight. I cannot somehow reconcile somnambulism with sunshine."

It was to remain a mystery, however, to the end. I was detained at Buenos Ayres by a number of our men running, and before the ship sailed the news came aboard that Captain Jortin had been found dead in his bed. The doctors found that he had died from apoplexy.

Thus the mystery remains. It never could be shown that the unfortunate man had any motive in scuttling the ship. He had no risk in her, but his command of her was a living to him, and the foundering of the vessel could only have proved an injury to himself.

Possibly madness was the true solution, though it does not quite explain, to my satisfaction, why it was that he went to sea with an auger in his cabin. —W. Clark Russell in Youth's Companion.

The Night Toilet.

If more attention were given the night toilet, rest would be better, sleep sweeter and dreams pleasanter. A bath will rout the nightmare, but it should be taken at least two hours after the evening meal, in cool water and with no more rubbing than is needed for drying. The hot bath is good when there is inflammation, as it "draws." Cold water is stimulating, and the reaction may induce wakefulness. Ordinarily the cool dip will cool the blood, be tonic enough to arrest wasting tissue, and prepare the body for refreshing sleep.—New York Dispatch.

ALTRURIAN COLONY.

CO-OPERATORS WHO WILL TRY TO REDUCE IDEALS TO REALITY.

An Attempt to Realize In California Howells' Dream of Altruria—Located Near Santa Rosa—A Few Facts Relating to Principles and Details.

The Altrurians, from their colony in Sonoma county, will publish a paper. "It will be," says the initial issue, "a traveler from Altruria, knocking at many doors, informing the people of the purpose, spirit and progress of our work. It will tell of one more earnest effort to do right things in a noble and humane way."

The promoters of Altruria say that they have taken the best ideas from Plato's "Republic," More's "Utopia," Bellamy's "Arcadia," Fourier's "Phalanstery," St. Simon's "Industrial System," Babœuf's "Charter of Equality," Cabet's "Icaria" and particularly W. D. Howells' "Dream of Altruria," and will attempt to make real the ideals of these philosophers and dreamers.

The first number of the paper reflects the scholastic influence of Berkeley and is inclined to quote from Elizabethan poets.

"It will call attention," says the salutatory, "to the existing chaos of industry, trade, civil affairs and social relations, and commend and support all wise endeavors to bring order out of confusion. And in all this it will aim to be sober, thoughtful, just, sincere, truthful, considerate and wise."

The inevitable reference to misleading contemporaries is conspicuous. It says:

"While we appreciate voluntary advertisements of our contemporaries of the press, some of them have indulged in imaginary details as to our methods as amusing as they are inaccurate and misleading. One friendly journal even went so far as to accompany a two column article with a wood engraving of what purported to be our 'Mountain Home' in the foothills of California. As this was evidently a secondhand woodcut, reserved for duty in an emergency, and as we had not then found a desirable site for our colony settlement, it was certainly rather premature."

According to the paper's description, the tract selected for a beginning is at the edge of the hills about seven miles from Santa Rosa. They have secured 2,000 acres, with Mark West creek flowing through. The tract is partly wooded, but some of the land is now under cultivation. The hillsides they intend to devote to fruit, hay, grain and pasturage. There is an old gristmill on the place, and this is to be repaired and put to use. A dam is to be built near the mill, and a typical New England millpond is hoped for. The description glowingly depicts the beauty of the valley and the fertility of the soil. It is proposed to found a town either on the Altruria farm or within easy reach. They have also a timber tract across the valley, with a sawmill now in operation. They expect to set a force of men at work on both tracts at once. They want as members of the colony only those who can be absolutely unselfish.

"Cash is what we want to eliminate from the minds of men," says the little paper. Compensation for a reward must be wiped out. We want co-operation for a larger life, for a better development, and we cannot have that on a cash basis."

There is a $50 admission fee to Altruria, and this is explained as follows:

"We need this fee, for society as now constituted demands that we pay for what we get, and if we get land and machinery we must pay for them in the coin of the realm."

The declared intention is to engage in farming, stock raising, horticulture, manufacturing and general business. All labor is to be performed under an organized system, every member being required to work an equal number of days per annum. Those who chop wood, plow, harrow, grub roots, brand cattle and other hard work will have fewer hours a day to toil than those who have the easy jobs. If a member works more hours than required by the colony, he gets nothing for it but gratitude and becomes a benefactor.

One curious correspondent asks what the status of wives will be in the colony. The editor replies that wives will be counted as separate members, and the wife will have her separate income regardless of her husband. It is not stated just what she will do, but will probably cook, call the men to dinner, wave her apron and say "Shoo!" to the chickens when they encroach on the flower garden and the vegetable patch, and entertain the preacher and other company. The importance of infant recruits is recognized by the Altrurians, for they state that when "a wife is caring for a family of children she is certainly doing work for the community."

Members who become disabled through sickness, accident or old age while in the service of the association will receive full checks.

The association, The Altrurian states, will furnish the nurse, room, medicine and everything else necessary, but the patient must do the suffering. The only unproductive members will be the young, the sick and the aged. A tribunal is to be established in the Sonoma colony for the trial of unruly and selfish people. Any person working fewer hours than are required will be accused of robbing the association and must stand trial. Intemperance in any form will be regarded as infidelity to the association.—San Francisco Examiner.

Careful About Strikes.

One of the clauses in the new constitution of the New York board of walking delegates is to the effect that no general strike can be ordered upon any building, even after a grievance has been submitted to the board, until at least two-thirds of the delegates whose men are at work on the particular building involved have voted in favor of the strike. The board is then bound to render all the assistance possible.

FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.

The Problem May Be Solved by the Government Operating the Mines.

J. H. Witheford, a member of the Auckland harbor board, who arrived from New Zealand recently to interest Americans in the subsidizing of a powerful line of steamships to run from San Francisco to the colonies, is well known throughout the Australian colonies as a profound student of economic and scientific questions of national and international import. Shortly before he left New Zealand on his trip to America he submitted to the minister of mines of New Zealand a proposition to operate the gold mines lying within the crown lands by utilizing the labor of the unemployed workingmen in the country. His plan has met with the approval of many of the leading scientific men in the colonies, and it is expected that the New Zealand parliament before the close of its present session will take some action toward putting the plan into effect.

Mr. Witheford thinks that the same plan could be successfully adopted in America.

"There is plenty of rich mineral land in the country belonging to the government," he said in speaking of the matter, "and if the government would put the unemployed of the country to work digging out gold it would result in great benefit to the men and to the nation.

"At a meeting of scientific men in London in 1887 a resolution was adopted which declared that the question of our gold supply is of the most vital importance to the financial, trading, commercial and industrial interests of the world, and any means by which a continuous and permanent increase of gold can be obtained is deserving of the consideration of all classes of society, as it will tend to relieve the present depression of trade and improve the condition of the workingman. The argument holds good today.

"The scarcity of gold throughout the world and the existence of rich fields in America give assurance of a bright and prosperous future for the country when legitimate mining work is undertaken by the national government. The time has fully arrived for the government to consider the intrinsic value of its gold estate and the best means for its development, with a view to retaining and attracting mining population and increasing the annual output of the precious metal. Why should the entire burden of developing the goldfields be left to private enterprise, which is very capricious and is in turn subject to the caprice of monetary institutions, while working miners are subjected to crude and periodical handicaps attendant on the withdrawal of private capital?

"The extraction of gold from the auriferous lands owned by the government could be made a source of ever increasing wealth, while the employment of all available labor at moderate wages would add materially in promoting the prosperity of the country. The 'unemployed' cry should not be stopped by pauper relief works. The enormous producing power of the unemployed wants intelligent direction into a profitable channel for their sakes and for the welfare of the country.

"I think that America could, in her gold producing capabilities, astonish the world, as she has done with her operations in silver. She has the gold regions, but her wealthy mineral resources are worthless without the strong arm of the miner. The question arises, 'What is the value of a workingman to the country?' It depends on the work you give him to do. Let the loss to the country from the enforced idleness yearly of 1,000,000 men be placed in comparison with the gain that would result by putting even one-tenth of them at work producing gold. The comparison would be a good argument for the system I have proposed. It would be a solution of the unemployed problem. Give the unemployed their food and a partial distribution of the profits of their labor, and all humanity will be benefited. The men will be benefited. Their efforts would add to the wealth of the country. The now overcrowded cities would experience relief from the burden of a vast mob of hungry and idle men."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Labor Party Demands In England.

Tersely stated, these are the demands of the labor party in England, a party which has recently shown itself a great power: An eight hour day in the municipal service, trade union wages for all workmen employed in public works, the abolition of contractors in all work for the municipalities, the establishment of municipal workshops and clothing factories, for the manufacture of goods needed in the municipal service, in which trade union rates of pay and conditions of work should hold good; the municipalization of the street car lines, no extension of the large tenement block system under municipal control, but instead of these blocks more self contained cottages in the outlying districts, with better and cheaper street car facilities for reaching them; bathrooms in every house, and that the coke carbonized at the municipal gas works should be sold at prices placing it within the reach of the poorer classes.

Strong Words From Sovereign.

I tell you that I believe every word I say when I make the statement that unless we can get control of the government from the president down to the last congressman in 1896 the plutocrats will set up a government and grind us into the earth. They will make this a monarchy or something equally bad, and what little liberty we still have will be taken away. We must abandon our old ideas of strikes and go to the ballot box. I have been upon this line for some time and will continue. I have the honor to be an executive officer of one of the leading labor organizations of the country, and as long as I am at the head of it I will march it to victory, or I will march it to death. Better death in this way than not to march at all.—James R. Sovereign.

FAMOUS ARCHERS.

Stories of Wonderful Skill With Bow and Arrow.

The expression "drawing a long bow" does not of necessity mean the telling of a falsehood. It sometimes refers to a wonderful story, which may be true enough, but which is so marvelous as to require a firm trust in the veracity of the narrator to enable the hearer to believe it. Some of the longest bows of this sort have been drawn about bows and arrows.

These stories began long ago. Virgil, in the "Æneid," tells of four archers who were shooting for a prize, the mark being a pigeon tied by a cord to the mast of a ship. The first man hit the mast, the second cut the cord, and the third shot the pigeon as it flew away. The fourth archer, having nothing left to shoot, drew his bow and sent his arrow flying toward the sky with such speed that the friction of the air set the feathers on fire, and it swept on, like a meteor, to disappear in the clouds.

The stories told of Robin Hood's archery, illustrated by his wonderful performance as Locksley in Scott's "Ivanhoe," are also a decided strain upon a sensible person's credulity. The famous story of William Tell, doubted by many persons, is believed by others to have a foundation of fact. There was a Dane named Foke of whom the same story is told, and William of Cloudesley, an Englishman, is said to have shot an apple from his son's head merely to show his expertness.

Most stories of bows and arrows relate to the accurate aim of the archers, but a Frenchman, Blaise de Vigenere, tells one that shows the tremendous force with which an arrow may be propelled if the bow be strong and long enough. According to his own account of the matter, he saw Barbarossa, a Turk, admiral of a ship called the Grand Solyman, send an arrow from his bow right through a cannon ball.—Philadelphia Times.

He Was Smart Enough.

"I witnessed a very interesting incident when I was in Washington a couple of years ago," said Francis T. Gray of St. Louis, "and I have frequently laughed over the lesson it taught. I was strolling out one of the broad avenues in the residence part of the town, Connecticut, I think it was. Well, a couple of Chinamen, attired in robes of silk and satin of the most gorgeous description, came pushing along at the characteristic gait of their race. The superior appearance of the Celestials did not appear to affect a number of small boys who were loitering on a corner, for there was an immediate chorus of 'Chinamen eat rats' as the men approached. The Chinamen took no notice of the juveniles, who followed in their rear, continuing their shouting. Farther up the street a youth was standing on the sidewalk, and as the Chinamen passed him he, evidently inspired by the boys, asked them what shirts were being washed at. He apparently thought the Chinamen didn't know a word of English. You can imagine his discomfiture then when one of them turned to him with an expression of the deepest commiseration on his face and remarked in excellent United States:

"'You seem to be a very nice looking fellow. What makes you such a fool?'"—Washington Star.

Brasses and Bronzes of the Hindoos.

The brass and bronze trade is kept alive by the religious customs of the Hindoos, who are not allowed to use wooden and earthenware vessels freely, and brass and bronze are to them as important as glass and china to the westerners. Almost all Hindoo utensils are of brass, copper or bronze, and it is the custom to present the female portion of a Hindoo family with a valuable batterie de cuisine, made either of brass or copper, and a still existing Hindoo ceremony is that of carrying the utensils in a procession at the wedding. The result of this custom is that almost all the platters, trays, bowls, nut crackers and all brass and copper utensils are most beautifully ornamented, and there are lovely combinations of brass and copper and silver and copper. All Hindoo women used to have lovely brass caskets covered with ornamentations called chellams, manufactured in Malabar, in which they kept their jewels, but these are fast being replaced by the vulgar English japanned dispatch box. At Sivaganga a beautiful but seldom patronized brass trade exists, which makes toys and most lifelike representations of animals, lizards, frogs, etc.—Chicago Tribune.

Aluminium and Glass.

M. Charles Margot of the physical laboratory of the University of Geneva, says L'Industrie, has made a curious discovery. He has found that by rubbing on glass with an aluminium point we obtain clear metallic lines, which cannot be removed by washing, no matter how often repeated. Many applications can be suggested for aluminium in this direction. It can be used instead of the engraver's tool in cutting designs on glass. With the aluminium pencil diamonds can be distinguished from imitation, since it will make no mark on a diamond. It is possible that the new discovery may make a great difference in the making of cut or engraved glass.

Too Tough For Them.

Two runaway convicts took refuge in a church which was having an experience meeting. They listened to the stories told by several of the regenerated until one of the fellows exclaimed in a whisper to the other: "Come, Jim, let's get out o' this! It's a tough crowd, and no man's life's worth a copper!" And out they lit.—Boston True Flag.

Dennis Kocrobee, who died in Ireland in the early part of 1853, had 48 children, 336 grandchildren and 944 great-grandchildren.

Thunder in September indicates a good crop of grain and fruit for the next year.—Old Proverb.

STELLER'S SEA LION.

In Temper He Is More Lionlike Than the Lion Himself.

Steller's sea lion is the king of the pinnipeds. Unlike nearly all other sea animals that have been gloriously misnamed after familiar land quadrupeds, his appearance is quite lionlike, particularly his massive head and ferocious countenance and his powerful neck, covered with long, coarse hair of a tawny gray color. While he does not roar quite so thunderously as the king of the desert, he roars much oftener and more universally. In temper he is more lionlike than the lion himself, for the old males are continually fighting and cutting each other with their long teeth in a way that real lions never dream of. They are timid and afraid in the presence of their master—man—but so is the lion also, for that matter, though he is not a stupid idiot, like the sea lion.

Steller's sea lion is at home in various places in North America, from the Farallone islands and Point Reys, near San Francisco, northward along the Pacific coast to the Pribilof islands. He loves the most rugged and rocky shores, where the breakers thunder unceasingly against the foot of tall black cliffs. It is on the Pribilof islands, however, that this animal may be seen in the greatest numbers and at his best. The herds that make that wild spot their home number many thousand individuals. The herd that frequents the northeast point of St. Paul's island is drawn upon by the natives for food and other purposes as regularly as if it were a big herd of cattle. In Mr. Elliott's time that one herd is said to have contained between 18,000 and 20,000 head.—St. Nicholas.

That Friend of Your Youth.

Next to the lynx eyed younger brother with his terrible memory and his great eloquence the friend of her youth is the being whom every woman wishes most to avoid. The friend of one's youth remembers and recalls in public all one's early follies. She asks if you have forgotten the day you ran away from school, the afternoon you were whipped for playing with the boys around the corner, the day you painted your face with the artificial roses on your mother's bonnet and the night you demolished a whole jar of jam at a sitting. She generally does this when the minister is calling or when your prospective mother-in-law is eagerly drinking in the story of your youthful crime.

Then the friend of your youth goes on and enumerates forgotten love affairs, recalls your successive flirtations and conveys to the listeners the impression that you were a very gay person indeed. She feels free because of her position to criticise your clothes, your manner, your fiance and your looks. For the same reason she considers herself at liberty to borrow any of your possessions, from a handkerchief to the contents of your purse. And when she has done all these things she sits down and sentimentalizes about the past and makes you agree that such halcyon days will never come again.—New York World.

A Remarkable Dog.

The following peculiar incident is told by a Baltimore man as occurring to his fox terrier: "One day, while the cellar door was open, the dog descended in search of rats at about 9 o'clock. At 9:30 the dog was searched for and thought lost. No further notice was taken in the matter until the next morning at 11 o'clock, when I was attracted by a dog yelling. After a careful search in the cellar, which revealed only a pile of sand by the wall, I noticed the dog's nose protruding through an inch board at the top window of the cellar looking into the yard. I went immediately up stairs and removed five bricks from the pavement and pulled the dog out. After a careful inspection I discovered he had dug under the foundation of the house in the sand, which had caved in on him. Finding no other means of escape, he dug up to the surface, a distance of six feet, and on arriving at the brick surface, which had been recently paved, dug toward the window, a distance of three feet, and had nearly eaten through the board in his efforts to free himself. He was nearly exhausted when found, having been 26 hours underground. One eye was entirely closed from sand, the other nearly so."—Baltimore Sun.

A New Umbrella Stand.

A funny incident of a drawing room meeting was recently noticed. A grave looking gentleman, with an unusually tall hat, entered, and seeing no rack in the hall placed his hat on the floor just behind the door. Pretty soon another grave man entered with a large, dripping umbrella, and peering anxiously for the usual receptacle saw in the gloom the hat resting on the floor. His eyesight was probably poor, for he mistook it for one of the new umbrella holders, and in it he deposited his dripping umbrella. This was an example for those who followed, and in a short time the solemn looking hat was stanchly holding a dozen umbrellas. At the end of the meeting the water in the hat was an inch in depth.—London Tit-Bits.

An Edison Invention Idle.

Ten years ago Mr. Edison applied for a patent in his own country for a new method of generating electricity, which is now made public. It consists of a furnace on which is placed an iron pot or crucible, through the closed cover of which a stout rod of carbon passes down to near the bottom of the crucible, where it is surrounded by dry metallic oxides or other compounds capable of attacking carbon under heat and in rarefied air. The closed crucible is connected with an exhaust fan by an exhaust pipe. This invention seems to have been abandoned by Edison. At all events, it has not as yet come into practical use.—London Globe.

M. Meyer of Paris has invented a kind of paper that is indestructible by fire. Specimens after remaining 148 hours in the heat of a potter's furnace still retained the glaze.

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Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; Thomas Donohoe, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 5021 Lake av; J P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Abern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Elgoman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4750 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 5020 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 530 W Erie-st; J P Walsh, V P; Joe Lamb, Rec Sec, 530 W Erie st; H J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

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Div 25—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Thomas P O'Donovan, Pres, 115th st, Kensington; Philip J O'Reilly, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, Box 854, Pullman; Patrick Keyes, Fin Sec; William Carroll, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Pullman.

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Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 829 Thirty-seventh st; Thos Kelley, V P; Jas Gannon, R S, 3756 Union av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at p m in Burk's hall, Thirty-fifth st and Emerald av.

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St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schuster, 2201 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm F Doran, 9259 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4730 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 193 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 29 W 12th st; R S Julius Ealer, 694 W 18th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Cansvin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1367 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 236 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m. in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Monday at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 488 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 129 Hudson av; F S, Fred Kringe; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 239 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael P Dalton, 3603 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3722 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5513 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5722 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

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St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 3291 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3640 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 108 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 282 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hellmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in school hall.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER No. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of service as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER No. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case	$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved)	$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved)	$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting	$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face	$10.00

"THE LIMITED."

14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487. PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."

LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED W

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2-lb cans Lima Beans.....5 cents
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20-lb pails Pure Fruit Jelly for. This is good and very much cheaper than butter.	39 cents
7 lbs Pure New York Buckwheat Flour	25 cents
1-gallon cans Pure Vermont Maple Sirup	$1.00
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2-lb cans Codfish Balls	8 cents
½-gallon cans Strained Honey	30 cents
Old and Dry Popcorn, per lb	5 cents
Old-Fashioned Black Walnuts, per lb	2 cents
Evaporated California Pears, per lb	3½ cents
Evaporated California Egg Plums, per lb	5 cents
3-lb cans Yellow Table Peaches, per can	10 cents
5-gallon kegs Gherkin Pickles for	$1.00
Whole Black Pepper, per lb	5 cents
2,000 lbs Good Sample Tea, per lb	16 cents
2-lb cans Peach, Apricot and Raspberry Jam	12 cents
Fancy California Evaporated and Peeled Peaches, per lb	12 cents

Fruits in Tins.

	Per can.	Per doz.
2-lb cans Pie Peaches	5 cts	$ .60
2-lb cans Pie Peaches	9 cts	1.00
3-lb cans New White Table Peaches	10 cts	1.20
3-lb cans New Yellow Table Peaches	11 cts	1.30
3-lb cans Bonanza California Peaches	12 cts	1.40
3-lb cans Lemon Cling California Peaches	13 cts	1.50
3-lb cans No Label California Peaches	14 cts	1.55
3-lb cans West Coast California Peaches	15 cts	1.70
3-lb cans Fancy Heavy Sirup California Peaches	17 cts	2.00
3-lb cans California Pears	15 cts	1.60
3-lb cans California Greengages	12 cts	1.40
3-lb cans California Egg Plums	12 cts	1.40
3-lb cans California Gold Drop	12 cts	1.40
3-lb cans California Muscat Grapes	9 cts	1.05
3-lb cans Universal Apricots	10 cts	1.20
3-lb cans Arrowhead Apricots	11 cts	1.30
3-lb cans California Black Cherries	15 cts	1.75
3-lb cans California White Cherries	15 cts	1.75
2-lb cans Union Grated Pineapple	12 cts	1.40
2-lb cans Union Sliced Pineapple	11 cts	1.30
2-lb cans Clover Leaf Pineapple	12 cts	1.40
2-lb cans Plymouth Rock Pineapple	13 cts	1.50
2-lb cans Blueberries	10 cts	1.00
2-lb cans Blackberries	9 cts	.90
2-lb cans Raspberries	10 cts	1.00
2-lb cans Strawberries	10 cts	1.00
2-lb cans Gooseberries	10 cts	1.00
2-lb cans Red Cherries	10 cts	1.20

After-Dinner Java Coffee, per lb.....25 Cts.

TEAS.

Fancy New Crop Uncolored Japan Tea, per lb	19 cts
New Crop Japan Tea Dust, per lb.	5 cts
Natural Leaf Japan Tea, per lb	12 cts
Regular Japan Tea, per lb	13 cts
8 lbs Young Hyson Tea for	$1.00
Moyune Gunpowder Tea, per lb.	25 cts
Fancy Formosa Oolong Tea, lb	35 cts

SPECIAL PRICES.

Enoch Morgan's Sapolio, per cake.	4 cts
French Shoe Blacking, per box	1 ct
New Leghorn Citron, per lb	12 cts
Orange or Lemon Peel, per lb	12 cts
New Layer Figs and Spanish Prunells, per lb	13 cts
New English Currants, per lb	2½ cts
A 20-lb box Fancy Loose Muscatel Raisins for	69 cts
Quarter box, 5 lbs Fancy Table Layer Raisins for	29 cts
Red Seal Lye, per can	4 cts
4 lbs After-Dinner Java Coffee for	$1.00
Dairy Butterine, per lb	10 cts
New pack Sugar Corn, per can 5 cents, per dozen	55 cts
New pack Solid Meat Tomatoes, per can 7 cents, per dozen	79 cts
Crown Brand Condensed Milk, per can	4½ cts
3-lb cans Sweet Potatoes, per can	6 cts
3-lb cans Golden Pumpkin, per can.	5 cts
3-lb cans California Bartlett Pears.	14 cts
Fancy Muscatel Raisins, per lb	4 cts
Gallon cans Fancy Table Sirup	39 cts
Pint C. & B. Pickles, 25 cts, quart C. & B. Pickles	39 cts
Roasted Coffee, per lb	10 cts
9 lbs Ground Coffee for	$1.00
8 lbs Crushed Coffee	90 cts
6 lbs Ground Rio Coffee for	$1.00
5 lbs Roasted Rio Coffee for	$1.00
4 lbs After-Dinner Java Coffee for.	$1.00
3 lbs Fancy Roasted Java Coffee for	$1.00
42 lbs Broken Rice for	$1.00
Fancy Evaporated Apples, per lb.	9 cts
2 lbs Schepp's Cocoanut for	19 cts
German Family Soap, per box	$2.15
Gallon cans Fancy Table Sirup	39 cts
Good Japan Tea Dust, per lb.	5 cts
After-Dinner Java Coffee, per lb.	25 cts
Fine New Crop Japan Tea, per lb.	19 cts
Parlor Matches, 1 dozen boxes for.	9 cts
12-lb pails Finest Family Whitefish for	39 cts
Selected California Hams, per lb.	6½ cts
Gallon jug New Tomato Catsup.	49 cts
Roasted Coffee, per lb.	10 cts
2-gallon cans Fancy Table Sirup.	49 cts
5 lbs Best Gloss Starch for	14 cts
1-ream Note Paper for	5 cts
3-lb cans California Muscat Grapes.	9 cts
Valley Condensed Milk, per can.	7 cts
California Evaporated Pears, lb.	3½ cts
10-lb pails Preserved Strawberries.	69 cts
Pint bottle New Tomato Catsup.	9 cts

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A big consignment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Cloaks and Jackets has been placed in our hands to sell. They must be sold at once. Come and get the best bargain ever offered in Chicago for the price.

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Ladies' Heavy Winter Jackets, 34 to 40 inches long, trimmed with coney fur, in black cheviots, beaver and diagonals, retailed from $8 to $15, now..... $4.90

Ladies' Reefer Jackets, in cheviots, serges, diagonals and beaver, trimmed with coney fur, black monkey or fine astrakhan, retail values $8 to $12.00, now $2.75 now..... $2.49

Ladies' Plain Black and Blue Cheviot, Serge and Bever Jackets, the money is in the goods and not in fancy work, they are plain, but excellent value, retailed from $7 to $12, now..... $2.49

Ladies' Fleece-Lined Stockinet Jackets, medium and long, the warmest and best shopping Jacket ever manufactured, retail value $2.50 and $4.00, now..... $1.29

Misses' Cloaks, ages 12 to 18, beavers, cheviots, meltons and fancy, with and without capes, excellent retail value for $7.00, but better at our price..... $2.25

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Children's Cloaks, ages 4 to 10 only..... $1.29

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